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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE AND CVRRENT EVENTS

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THE CHEYENNE OUTBREAK

A WAR PARTY OF CHEYENNE INDIANS IN MONTANA. THE TRIBE IS REPORTED ABOUT TO LEAVE THE RESERVATION TO ENGAGE IN HOSTILITIES AGAINST THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. TONGUE RIVER AGENCY TELEGRAPHED THAT ONE HUNDRED INDIANS STARTED ON THE WARPATH MAY 25

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK JUNE TENTH 1899

THE PROPOSED WAR AGAINST TRUSTS IN 1900

ON MAY 25, many of the members of the Democratic National Committee met in conference at St. Louis, and were subsequently present at a banquet, in the course of which the policy of the Democratic party in the next Presidential campaign was outlined. If the purposes there indicated could be carried out in the Democratic National Convention and afterward, the Republicans might find it less easy to elect their candidate than they have expected.

If we may judge from explicit declarations, as well as from the comparative prominence given to particular topics in the speeches made on this occasion, the intention is to retain the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, but to keep it studiously in the background, both at the National Convention and in subsequent discussions before the people. Neither will any great stress be laid on the protest against so-called government by injunction; that is evident from the disposition shown by the National Committee to rebuke Altgeldism, and to weaken Altgeld's influence in Chicago. Less vehement, also, though by no means abandoned, will be the opposition of the Democratic party to the bestowal of a monopoly of the paper currency upon the national banks through the Treasury's refusal to reissue legal tenders after they have been once redeemed in gold. Even anti-expansion, which ex-Senator Gorman has seemed to be desirous of making the leading issue, seems destined to a secondary place, for the main objection to the retention of the Philippines, which was put forward at the St. Louis banquet, was based on the unreasonableness of converting some millions of Malays into American citizens. No such conversion is contemplated by Mr. McKinley, and it will be the fault of Congress if any such occurs. There is no doubt in the minds of constitutional lawyers, that we could hold the Philippines as colonies without bestowing all the privileges of American citizenship on their inhabitants. We can hold the Philippine archipelago precisely as we are now holding Alaska and the District of Columbia, in neither of which territories do the inhabitants possess even the right of local self-government. By a process of elimination, then, we have reached what the members of the Democratic National Committee, assembled at St. Louis, have resolved to make the pivotal issue of the next Presidential campaign. It is to be, as we began by saying, a war against trusts, or, in other words, against that concentration of capital in each of the divers fields of industry which has acquired such tremendous momentum during the last twelvemonth. It may be true that this concentration is a natural and inevitable outcome of the existing state of things, but it is equally certain that, as invariably happens in periods of economic and industrial transition, a vast amount of suffering may have to be borne by workingmen and employees, until labor shall have adjusted itself to the new conditions. While, therefore, there may be ground for the impression current among scientists that the trusts will triumph in the end, they must expect to encounter, for a time, strenuous opposition at the ballot-box, and we should not be surprised to see the assailants of trusts elect their candidate for the Presidency in 1900, provided there were no other issue before the people. Unfortunately for the Democracy, it takes more than one party to determine upon what issue or issues a given campaign shall turn. Much as the Democratic leaders may desire to subordinate their demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, they cannot prevent their opponents from dragging it into the foreground, so long as they put forward a candidate so inseparably associated with that issue as is Mr. W. J. Bryan. At the hour when we write, there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Bryan will be the candidate; consequently, the Democrats will try in vain to stake their fortunes on a fight against the trusts.

THE SITUATION AT MANILA

HAD AGUINALDO been content to wait until, through the necessary formalities, we had acquired title to the Philippines, an acceptable scheme of government would have been established ere this in the archipelago. He chose to precipitate a war, with the result that our forces under General Otis have been since employed in a restoration of order. This work has been effectively performed from a line drawn south of Cavité between Manila Bay and the large inland basin known as Laguna de Bay to San Isidro, a town lying so far to the north of Manila that the computed population of the intervening tract considerably exceeds half a million souls. But for the approach of the rainy season, which, nominally, begins on June 1, and during which military operations are extremely difficult, if not impracticable, the task of pacifying the whole island of Luzon would have been prosecuted without interruption. As it is, General Otis has refused an armistice to the insurgents, and has announced a purpose of continuing aggressive movements so long as the weather will permit.

While, however, our Government and its representatives at Manila have refused to recognize Aguinaldo and his coadjutors as invested with any species of lawful authority, but has treated them simply as marauders who are committing breaches of the peace, pains have been taken to enlighten the mass of the population with regard to the kind of government which they may expect to see temporarily established by President McKinley in the island. We say temporarily, because, of course, the definite shaping of the relations which the Philippines are to sustain to the United States belongs, not to the Executive, but to Congress. A commission, headed by Prof. Schurman, President of Cornell University, were appointed by Mr. McKinley and sent some time ago to Manila, where they lost no time in putting forth a manifesto declaring our Executive's equitable and generous intentions. Conformed to the spirit and letter of that manifesto was the reply given by the Commissioners on May 24 to delegates from Aguinaldo, who desired to learn the conditions upon which peace could be secured. The primary and fundamental condition of peace is, of course, unqualified surrender on the part of all the insurgents in arms. It was natural, however, that Aguinaldo's deputies should wish to ascertain what sort of government would be set up after the surrender, and our commissioners did not hesitate to give them the desired information. The latter announced that, immediately after the cessation of the insurrection, and pending the agreement of Congress on a definite plan of administration, Mr. McKinley would provide a provisional form of government, the specific features of which would be as follows: First, a Governor-General to be appointed by the President of the United States; secondly, heads of departments, or Cabinet officers, to be designated by the Governor-General; thirdly, judges to be appointed, like the Governor-General, by the President. It was further announced that the members of the insular cabinet and the judges of the insular courts would be either American citizens, or, as in the case of Cuba, representatives of the insular population, or it might happen that both elements would be combined in the Cabinet and in the tribunals. A distinct promise was also made by the Commissioners that a general advisory council should be elected by the Filipino people under conditions of suffrage to be determined hereafter. It was, at the same time, declared that, whatever functions might be deputed to this council, a power of absolute veto on its proceedings would be reserved to the Governor-General. It will be observed that, so far as the advisory council is concerned, the plan of provisional government proposed for the Philippines is actually more liberal than that which the Cubans now enjoy, and it has the advantage of enabling Congress to judge by experiment how far the Filipinos are capable of exercising legislative powers.

There seems to be no doubt that the offer made by the Commissioners is regarded with lively satisfaction by the intelligent natives in Manila, and in that part of the island wherein order has been restored, and we look forward with confidence to an early acceptance of it by the forces in the field.

THE WASHINGTON PEACE JUBILEE

THREE DAYS OF MILITARY, CIVIC AND HISTORICAL PARADES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)
WASHINGTON, *May* 26, 1899

"WHAT ON EARTH are we celebrating?" Over and over again I overheard this question passing from mouth to mouth while mixing with the holiday throng that surged through the streets of Washington throughout its week of Jubilee.

If the answer was "Peace," it was apt to be followed by outbreaks of sarcastic profanity ill according with the gentle theme which two solemn Peace Commissions are now debating, almost simultaneously, at two such widely distant points as the House in the Bush at The Hague and Major-General Otis's headquarters in rain-drenched Manila. The most common answer, however, and one that seemed to help things along wonderfully, was clothed in the form of this joyous counter question: "Aw, shut up! Ain't you heard that Dewey is coming home?"

In truth, the good people of Washington may have been a trifle late in their celebration of a peace treaty, the tardy conclusion of which only served to precipitate another bloody war; but what their festivities have lacked in timeliness was more than compensated by the loveliness of their spring.

Of all the jubilees that have been held within the past twelvemonth at Omaha, Chicago, Philadelphia, Atlanta and Charleston, none, certainly, could compare to this in joyousness of setting, excepting only the memorable week of rejoicing at Havana on the first day of this year, when the Spanish flag was hauled down from the ramparts of the Morro and our Stars and Stripes rose over Free Cuba.

The official celebration of Washington's peace jubilee was limited to three days; but, coming in the middle of the week as it did, the whole of that week as well as a part of the next were turned topsy-turvy, with no let up to the Maying until after Decoration Day. The real festivities began on the Sunday before, when the wide streets and innumerable green parks of Washington became alive with an ever-growing host of strangers who had profited by this occasion to pay a week's visit to the National Capital. Next day they began to pour into the city by the trainload, and it is recorded that on this day alone more than five thousand persons visited the Congressional Library. Later in the day the crowd on the streets was swelled by the arrival of several of the military bodies that were to take part in next day's great military parade.

The grand court of honor, extending from Fifteenth Street to Seventeenth Street, on Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the Treasury, White House, and State, War and Navy buildings, was brilliantly illuminated with myriads of sparkling electric bulbs, surrounding pillars and columns, hanging from the triumphal arch, and surmounting every projection. The sight was an inspiring one. Workmen were engaged until late into the night putting on the finishing touches and getting everything into shape, so that with the dawn of morning nothing was left undone. The columns were all in position, bearing the shields of States, and during the night the pictures were placed on either side of the arch and the scaffolding removed. Work upon the President's reviewing stand was also finished during the evening, and that, too, was brilliantly lighted.

At sunrise, next morning, the jubilee began. As the first rays of the sun glinted on the gilded dome of the new Library Building the guns of the four gunboats Dolphin, Fern, Sylph and Pathfinder began to boom forth their thirteen-fold salute from the Potomac. Their warlike reverberations were answered by sweet-toned chimes in the belfry of the old Metropolitan Church.

At the hour of noon the Dolphin fired forty-five guns as a salute to the Union. To the colored people of Washington it appeared as a good omen that the train bearing the Fourth Regiment of United States Volunteers (immunes) from Camp Meade should roll into the city at the same time. The train occupied by these seasoned troops, who had just returned from a nine months' service in Cuba, made a stop at Maryland Avenue and Ninth Street, and the soldiers, about seven hundred in number, marched to take their position in the military parade. They received a wildly enthusiastic ovation, since four companies of the regiment were enlisted in Washington, and wives, mothers and sweethearts were among the clamorous throng that lined the streets through which the immunes had to march.

After the noon hour the crowds in the street became a vast multitude, and the ubiquitous fakir was kept busy disposing of his peace jubilee emblems and souvenirs.

The waiting crowd at this time found great diversion in watching a clever exhibition of kite-flying, the northeast wind taking the brightly-colored kites over the Court of Honor and the Executive Mansion. Just after an American flag had unfolded itself high in the air directly above the White House, and the other kites were darting about it like a flock of gay-plumaged birds, there came a sudden descent of rain and put a stop to the fun.

The rain delayed the parade, and it was long after two o'clock before the troops began their march from the Peace Monument. In the reviewing stand at the White House were the President and Mrs. McKinley, with the members of the Cabinet and their families.

With them were Governors Atkinson of West Virginia and Otero of New Mexico, General Miles, Adjutant-General Corbin, and Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court. On their right were most of the members of the diplomatic corps, and on their left a number of distinguished army and navy officials, who had received special invitations for this occasion.

The first to arrive was a squadron of the Third United States Cavalry from Fort Meyer. Next came Battalions A and K of the Fourth United States Artillery from Fort Washington and Fort Hunt. They were followed by the First and Fourth Battalions of the National Guard and the First Delaware Regiment, led by Governor Tunnell of Delaware. Great curiosity was aroused by the Chinese Naval Reserves of Philadelphia as they swung past the President's reviewing stand in their white duck uniforms, led by Commander Frederick C. Poole and Ensign Careless.

The second division consisted of the Fourth Immunes, a regiment of bronzed and soldierly-looking men, followed by one battalion of the District of Columbia First Regiment and the District of Columbia Naval Reserves, with the Corcoran Cadets.

The third division maintained the best formation of the day. The first brigade consisted of veterans from the Department of the Potomac of the Grand Army, with other bodies of veterans, such as the District of Columbia Volunteers of 1861–65, and the Old Guard, in faded green uniforms. In the second brigade were the Eighth and Tenth Immunes, with the National Rifles, Sheridan Sabres, Butler Zouaves, and two companies of colored soldiers.

The most dapper showing was made by the third brigade of the third division, consisting wholly of college organizations. They were led by Colonel Gunnell of the High School Cadets. After the boys' drum corps leading the brigade came the cadets of St. John's College of Annapolis, Md., followed by the cadets of Maryland College and Delaware College and those of Gonzaga College, with a drum corps and field band of their own. The famous Washington High School Cadets, four hundred strong, brought up the rear.

The great event for the children was the promised display of fireworks on Monument Lot that night. The principal feature was a highly sensational production of the battle of Santiago, showing the destruction of Cervera's fleet by Rear-Admiral Schley's squadron. Such are the glories of Peace.

The next two days were given up to civic and historical pageants on a grander scale than ever before attempted in Washington. The prettiest feature of the civic parade, which was made up chiefly of floats representing various trades and industries, was the floral review. This was headed by a siege gun covered with festoons of white and pink roses entwined about the caisson and gun carriage. The mouth of the big cannon was stopped with an enormous American beauty rose.

The historical pageant was enacted by five hundred soldiers of the District National Guard dressed in costumes of different periods of American history. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, in colonial garb, filled a dozen floats representing striking scenes and episodes of our War of the Revolution. This was followed in the evening by the jubilee revelries at Convention Hall, a grand costume ball presided over by a king of revelries and court of mummers.

President McKinley's contribution to the Peace Jubilee was an evening reception at the White House. Fully five thousand persons took advantage of this occasion to see the President. Among them were a host of colored people, with a number of private soldiers and seamen, and also some of the Chinese-Yankee sailormen who had marched in the parade of the day before. All received a kindly welcome, but the friendliest welcome of all was given to a group of little children who had been bidden to the White House early that day after a nasty upset from their float almost directly in front of the President's reviewing stand. When they left the White House they were loaded down with flowers presented to them as a gift from the President of the United States.

Truly, it has been said that Peace hath her victories as well as War. EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

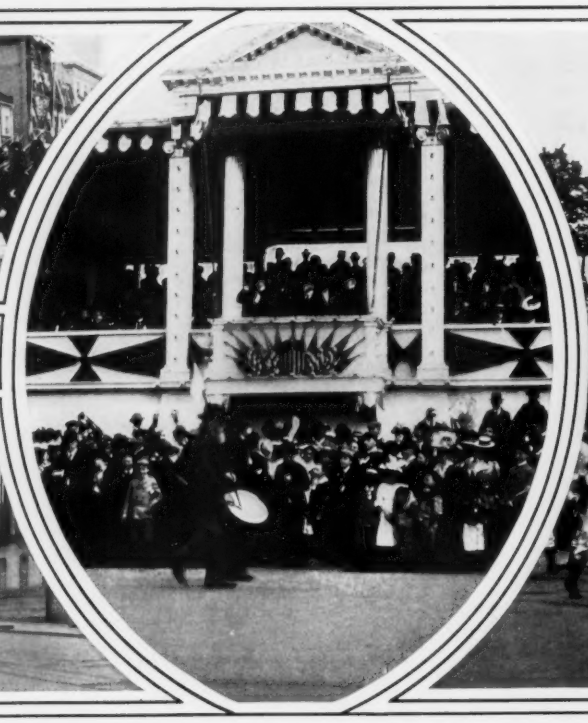
THE THIRD CAVALRY FROM FORT MEYER PARADING ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR VETERANS PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND

AFTER THE PARADE; THE CROWD AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

MAJOR-GENERAL "JOE" WHEELER AND COLONEL BOWMAN

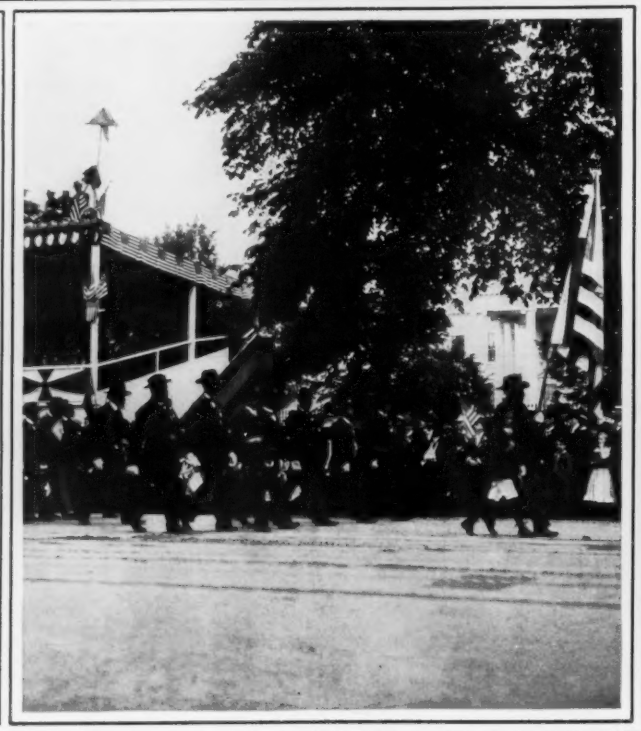
UNITED STATES MARINES FROM THE NAVY YARD



DECORATIONS OF FLAGS AND BUNTING ON THE TREASURY BUILDING

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF '61

CHINESE NAVAL RESERVES OF PHILADELPHIA SALUTING THE PRESIDENT



FAÇADE OF THE EAST ARCH

THE G.A.R. PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE EAST ARCH AT 18TH STREET

THE WASHINGTON PEACE JUBILEE

(From photographs taken for Collier's Weekly by C. C. Johnson)

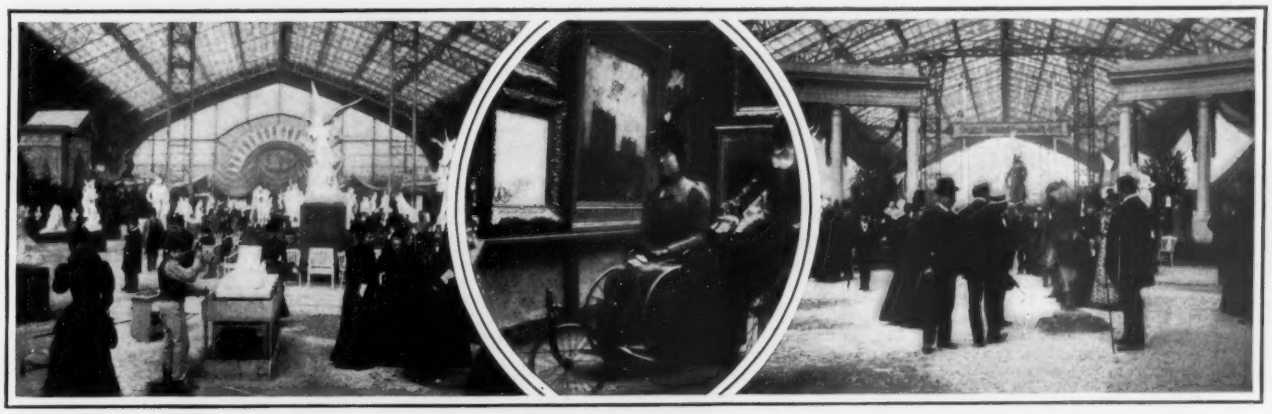
THE LARGEST PICTURE IN THE SALON—TATTEGRAIN'S "SACKING OF ST. QUENTIN BY THE SPANIARDS"

FALGUERÉ'S STATUE OF BALZAC, WHICH IS TO TAKE THE PLACE OF RODIN'S REJECTED EFFORT

THE BUFFET OF THE SALON ON VARNISHING DAY

PUVIS DE CHAVANNE'S LAST WORK; A PORTRAIT OF HIS DEAD WIFE

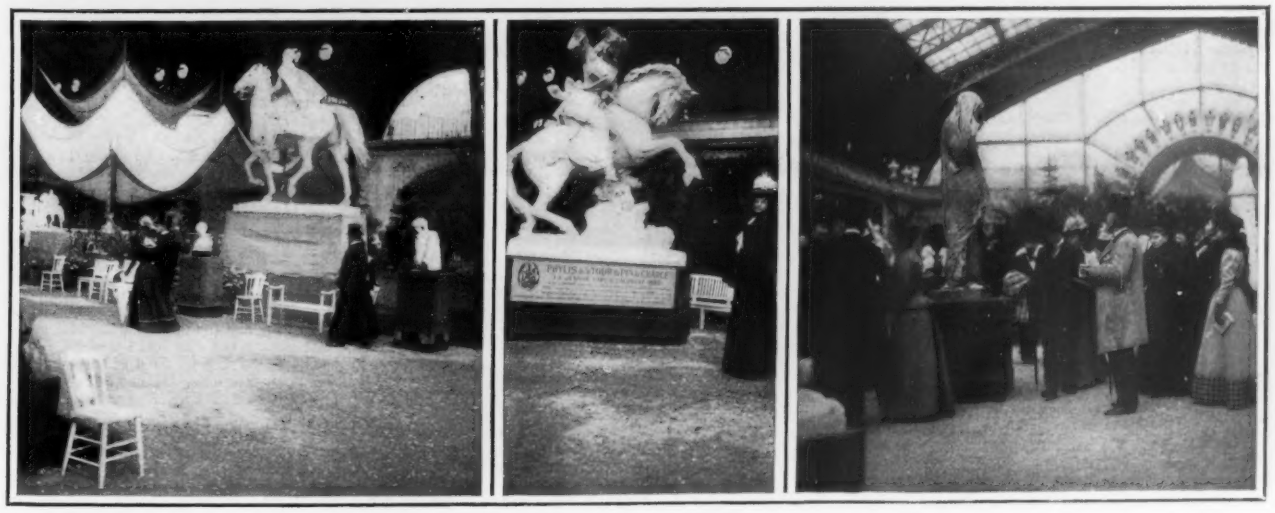
ROLL'S "RECEPTION OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS AT VERSAILLES"



THE GALLERY OF SCULPTURE OF THE "SOCIETY DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS"

AN AMERICAN SOCIETY GIRL'S WAY OF VIEWING THE SALON PICTURES

RODIN'S "EVE" VIEWED FROM THE REVERSE OF THE STATUE



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC

"NATURE UNVEILING HERSELF," FIGURE BY BARRIAS

THE PARIS SALON OF 1899

THE FAMOUS ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND STATUARY IS BEING HELD FOR THE LAST TIME IN THE GALLERIE DES MACHINES; HEREAFTER THE SALON WILL BE HELD IN THE NEW PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS—*(Photographs by V. Oribayedoff, Paris)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK PALMER

"THE SOLDIERS' FERRY"

THE METHOD EMPLOYED FOR TRANSPORTING AMERICAN TROOPS TO COAST POINTS IN THE PHILIPPINES. THE SOLDIERS ARE LOADED UPON CASCOES, A SORT OF RUDE JUNK, SEVERAL OF WHICH ATTACHED TO CABLES ARE TOWED BY STEAM LAUNCHES

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS

(See Double Page)

IN A LITTLE whitewashed cottage in South Africa sits "Oom" Paul Kruger, defying the whole British nation. It is one of the strangest spectacles of the age to witness this seventy-year-old Boer, the head of one of earth's weakest nations, raising himself against the aggression of its strongest power. It is like a fawn pitting its strength against that of a lion. Whether the astute old Boer will again outwit the diplomatists of England, as he has done on numerous former occasions, remains to be seen.

The present differences between the British Colonial Secretary and the South African Republic are but a continuation of the old troubles with the addition of a new phase. For fifty years England has asserted that the Transvaal is a mere dependency, with no right to make laws for herself, unless they are sanctioned by the imperial government. The Boers have steadily maintained that the agreement between the two nations, as arranged at a London convention in 1881, gave to England only the power of supervising international treaties. President Kruger, who was a member of the London commission, has asserted, with characteristic vehemence on several occasions, that England has no right to interfere in the Transvaal's private affairs, and that such interference will not be tolerated.

The clause of the London treaty, which is the real foundation of the present contention, reads:

"Her Majesty reserves to herself . . . the control of the external relations of the said State (Transvaal), including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with foreign powers, such intercourse to be carried on through her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad."

The British Colonial Secretary, spurred on by Cecil J. Rhodes, England's empire-maker in South Africa, has been persistently trying to encroach beyond the provisions of this clause, and has endeavored to extend his authority so that the entire law-making power of the Boer *Volksraad* should be under his jurisdiction and control. He has demanded that all laws and treaties, whether relating to the internal or external interests of the republic, shall be referred to him for his approval before becoming operative, and he has asked that old laws which are not favorable to English interests in the Transvaal shall be repealed. This interference has naturally been provocative of much ill-feeling not only between the heads of the two governments, but between the individuals as well. Had the Transvaal remained the undesirable country it was prior to the discovery of the rich Johannesburg gold fields, the two nations might have continued in their friendly relations, but with the advent of thousands of British subjects in the Transvaal the old wounds were reopened and fresh ones inflicted. The opening of hundreds of mines, and the consequent influx of thousands of foreigners, made it necessary for the Transvaal government to increase its revenues. Mining laws had to be formulated, new offices had to be created, hundreds of new officials had to be appointed, and all this required the expenditure of more money in one year than the government had spent in a decade before the opening of the mines. The government found itself in a quandary, and it solved the problem of finances as many a stronger and wealthier government has done. It granted concessions to various companies, and the revenue derived from these grants tided the government over its financial crisis. The chief concessions were those given to the railroad and the dynamite companies. Only one railroad company is allowed to build or operate any lines in the State, and only one dynamite company has the right to make and sell the explosive. Before the Jameson Raid, the chief protest of the Englishmen in the Transvaal was that the freight rates were exorbitant, and they made that circumstance the subject of many petitions to the imperial government. The oft-repeated complaint that the Boers allowed the *Uitlanders* no representation in the councils of the government was shown to be groundless, inasmuch as only seven Englishmen responded to the government's invitation to the foreigners to become eligible for such participation by applying for naturalization papers. After the Englishmen in the Transvaal had failed in their efforts to stir their home government to action in that case, and after the Jameson Raid had proved such a failure, no other excuse for hostile action was open to them, except an attack on the dynamite concession.

To understand the Transvaal situation thoroughly one must know that every British subject in the Transvaal considers that every inch of Transvaal soil is rightfully the property of the British nation, and that the Boers are merely interlopers, with no rights that are deserving of the respect of an Englishman. They regard the Boers as so many ignorant, uncleanly savages, who do not know how to govern themselves, much less others. Every Englishman in the gold-fields, or in any other part of the republic, still smarts under the sting of the Jameson failure, and nothing will wipe out that score but the sight of the British flag flying over the whole of the Transvaal. Everything that ingenuity can devise is done to embarrass the government. Scores of mines are lying idle for no other reason than to impress the home government that the Boer laws are so offensive that business interests must suffer. Every mail that goes from Johannesburg to London carries to the colonial officers scores of grievances from the English residents. The recent petition, signed by twenty-one thousand Englishmen in Johannesburg, and inspired by Rhodes, asking for relief from the oppressive laws of the Transvaal and the right of representation, was an exaggerated sample of the letters which constantly flow to London. The amazing part of the situation is that none of the American, German, Dutch and French residents of the Transvaal—and there are many thousands of these in business in the country—joins with the Englishmen in protesting against the laws of the Boers. Their sympathy with the Boers was shown at the time of the Raid, when all of them ranged themselves on the side of the Kruger cohorts.

This constant stream of protests to the Colonial Office has finally impelled Secretary for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, to make a demand upon the Boer government for the cancelling of the dynamite concession. This demand, it is reported from Cape Town, the seat of British influence in South Africa, he has followed by a supplementary demand somewhat in the form of an ultimatum, requiring that the Transvaal observe its obligations to the queen by following the letter as well as the spirit of the treaty clause formulated by the London convention.

President Kruger, in his usual blunt style, has replied to the first demand by practically informing Mr. Chamberlain that the Boer government is conducting its business affairs in its own way, and that the British Colonial Office has no legal or moral right to offer any suggestions how those affairs should be conducted. The President shows that he has faith in his ability to conduct the affairs of the Transvaal government for the country's good, and does not hesitate to so inform Mr. Chamberlain. Whether Mr. Chamberlain will now invoke the power of his government to establish his authority over the Transvaal law-makers is, of course, a secret; but the recent increase in the imperial forces near the Transvaal border indicates more than anything that may be given out at Downing Street that the time has come when the mooted question will be settled to the satisfaction of every Englishman. There will not be another Jameson Raid fiasco, nor is it likely that the Boers will have a second Majuba Hill Day to celebrate. Three defeats at the hands of the Boers tarnish the record of British activity in South Africa, and ample provision has been made since the last to prevent the possibility of a fourth. Germany, which threatened to interfere in the last imbroglio, has been conciliated by recent favorable treaties, and will not interpose in anything that England may do to the Boers The Boer government is well aware that it will have the assistance of no foreign power in the event of another war with England, yet its chief, President Kruger, treats the demands of the Colonial Secretary with the same stolid indifference as he was accustomed to do when he had the promise of Germany's aid. The Transvaal has entered into a partnership with the Orange Free State, a neighboring republic, also composed of Boers and co-religionists, so that when either State is attacked it can depend upon the other for assistance. That fact, and the understanding that all the Boers in Cape Colony and Natal will join their kin of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in any war that England may precipitate, affords great consolation and strength to President Kruger in view of the impending struggle.

The Afrikander Bond, which is a political organization, having for its motto, "South Africa for South Africans," has recently created a race antagonism between the Afrikanders, or native born, and those of British birth that bodes no good for England's future control of that part of the country. The Bond is unalterably opposed to Cecil Rhodes and his party, and has shown great friendliness to President Kruger.

Almost all the members of the Bond are of Dutch extraction, and although living in Cape Colony and Natal, the majority would undoubtedly join their co-religionists, the Boers, in a war with England.

The great tribes of natives which are now being held in subjection by all the governments in South Africa will also be no mean factor in the war that both Boers and Englishmen realize is certain to come. Whether the once mighty Zulus will rise against their present masters, the English, or whether they will assist them; whether the Basutos, with their hordes of trained warriors, will join forces with the Boers and wipe out some of their old scores against the British, and whether the various tribes within the bounds of the Transvaal will remain loyal to Kruger's government—all these are questions that can be answered only by the tribes themselves, and they will not speak until the time for action arrives. Perhaps when that time does arrive there may be a realization of the natives' dream, that in some future time a great leader will come from the North who will organize all the various tribes into one grand army and with it drive the hated white men into the sea.

For years the Boers have been making preparations for the conflict that certainly must take place when England makes a stand and declares that the treaty clause must be observed in the manner indicated by the Colonial Secretary. Every Boer in the country has firmly determined that England shall have no voice in the government's internal affairs, and rather than make such a sacrifice he will fight until death overtakes him, and the English soldiers realize what a Boer's fighting qualities really amount to. In view of the inevitable war, the Boers have been buying millions of pounds' worth of guns and ammunition. Johannesburg, the principal city and stronghold of the English malcontents, is both undermined and overshadowed by a monstrous fort, and can be destroyed in an hour after hostilities begin. Pretoria, the capital, is practically impregnable, and cannot be taken by an invading army, such as England now has in South Africa, unless by a long siege, against which the Boers have amply provided. All the mountain passes into the State have been provided with fortresses of great strength and armament, and the entire country has been prepared for a mighty struggle. The thirty thousand volunteer soldiers that the Boers can put in the field are natural sharpshooters, and for craftiness, fortitude and bravery are incomparable. They reckon that one Boer volunteer is equal to five British regulars, and give the statistics of former battles to prove the assertion.

Despite President Kruger's blunt replies to Mr. Chamberlain's demands, he is the greatest peace agency in South Africa. He exercises the same authority over his people as a father does over his children. The Boers would have resented England's intrusions in a more hostile manner had not President Kruger restrained them. They have complained bitterly that he has allowed England to insult them too often, and it was only after the most urgent solicitation on his part that they restrained their anger. He knows better than any one that England desires to wrest the Transvaal from them, but he is a firm believer in diplomacy as a force superior to war. A trifle more than a year ago President Kruger, in discussing Transvaal affairs, explained to me the whole cause of the present dissensions. He said: "Mr. Rhodes is the cause of all the trouble between our country and England. He desires to form all the country south of the Zambesi River into United States of South Africa, and before he can do this he must have possession of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. His aim in life is to be President of the United States of South Africa. He initiated the Jameson Raid, and he has stirred up the spirit of discontent which is being shown by the Englishmen in the Transvaal. Our government endeavors to treat every one with like favor, but these Englishmen are never satisfied with anything we do. They want the English flag to wave over the Transvaal territory, and nothing less. Rhodes has spent millions of pounds in efforts to steal our country, and will probably spend millions more. But we will never leave this land, which we found, settled and protected. We will fight until not one Boer remains to defend our flag and country; our women and children will fight for their liberties, and even I, an old man, will take the gun which I have used against them twice before and use it again to defend the country I love. But I hope there will be no war. I want none and the Boers want none. If war comes we will not be to blame. I have done all in my power for peace, and have taken many insults from Englishmen merely that my people might not be plunged into war. I want no war. I hope that I may spend the rest of my days in peace."

The possibility of a war in South Africa, and the unsettled condition of affairs as a result of it, are causing great losses to American merchants doing business there. Within the last five years the exports to South Africa increased fourfold, and American goods were beginning to receive the recognition which they deserve. Owing to the possible war, American traders are curtailing their orders, and American firms are withholding shipments until they have positive assurance that they will receive payment for the goods already sent. The greatest loss is suffered by the manufacturers of mining machinery and exporters of lumber. Every mine in the Transvaal is partly fitted out with American machinery, and all the timber used in the country comes from Puget Sound. Hundreds of other American industries have been injured by the present condition of affairs in South Africa, and millions of dollars will be lost to this country if England determines to compel the Transvaal to observe the London treaty.

President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner, the Queen's Commissioner to South Africa, will meet in Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, on Tuesday, May 30. War will certainly follow the Bloemfontein conference unless Sir Alfred recedes from his present position.

HOWARD C. HILLEGAS.

QUEEN VICTORIA

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN WAS CELEBRATED ON MAY 24 LAST

QUEEN VICTORIA

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY of the Queen of Great Britain occurred on May 24 last. The event was celebrated with remarkable enthusiasm by the loyal subjects of the Queen and by English-speaking people all over the world. The city of London was decorated with flags and bunting, and Americans in London were prominent in the celebrations that took place. The service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, was attended by United States Ambassador Choate officially, accompanied by the staff of the American embassy. At Windsor there were over seven hundred congratulatory messages received from all parts of the world. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in their robes of office, attended a thanksgiving service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was held in St. Paul's Church in the morning. A service was also held at Westminster Abbey. The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York visited Windsor in the afternoon, and the Queen repeated the ceremony of planting an oak sapling, a custom which her Majesty also observed on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1887.

In America the anniversary was observed with the kindliest feeling. The British steamships in the port of New York displayed their bunting, and vessels of the American lines left port with their flags flying in honor of the Queen's birthday. New York harbor generally was one mass of bunting from the lower bay far up the reaches of the river. President McKinley sent the following message to Queen Victoria:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 24

"TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND:

'It gives me much pleasure to convey on this happy anniversary the expression of the sentiment of regard and affection which the American people cherish toward your Majesty, and to add the assurance of my own cordial respect and esteem. May God grant to your Majesty and the countries under your Government many years of happiness and prosperity."

The reign of Queen Victoria has extended through a long history-making epoch, beginning with June 30, 1837, when she succeeded to the throne. The Queen's marriage occurred in 1840. Briefly the following is a résumé of the more notable events:

The war with China, which terminated with the opening of Chinese ports to foreign trade, occurred soon after the coronation. In 1855 there were wars with China and Persia, and in 1856 occurred the great Sepoy Mutiny in India, during the progress of which the most revolting massacres in the history of all wars took place, in which men, women and children were slaughtered without mercy, and the British army disintegrated. At the termination of the Mutiny India became a British province, and was taken out of the hands of the East India Company, a great trading corporation, which for many years had practically held the reins of government over the Indies. The Ashanti war occurred in 1875; and England also was compelled to wage war against Zululand and Afghanistan. Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India in 1877.

Maclean made an attempt to assassinate the Queen at Windsor in 1882, and afterward received the clemency of her Majesty. Last year the long-continued bloody struggle in the Soudan was terminated by the capture of Khartoum by "Sirdar" Kitchener with an army of English and Soudanese. It was in the Soudan that General Gordon, famous for his achievements in China, was murdered by the treacherous garrison. The war in the Soudan was practically a war of revenge.

The Russian war, which cost England a vast number of men and a great treasure, took place in 1853–54. The chief events of the Russian war—sometimes called the Peninsular war—it is remarkable to note, were repeated in almost every detail in our own Cuban campaign. It was during this war that thousands of English soldiers died of neglect in the Crimea, where the English, French and Turkish armies dragged out a miserable existence during the long months of the siege of Sebastopol before the fortress fell. It was during this war that the famous charge of Balaklava took place, when a brigade of six hundred English light horse charged the Russian guns in the face of the entire Russian army in the field.

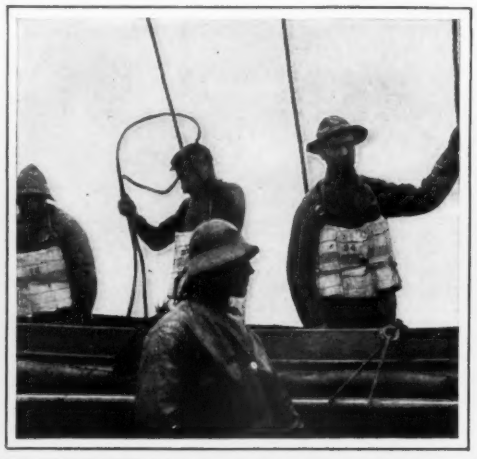
In a speech before the British Schools and Universities Club at a dinner held in celebration of the Queen's birthday, Admiral Sampson lauded the attitude of the British naval officers toward the American sailors, and Mr. John Barrett, former United States Minister to Siam, who was in very close relations with Admiral Dewey at Manila, told about the liberal interpretation of the neutrality laws by the British governor at Hong Kong.

"In connection with what Admiral Sampson has said," continued the speaker, "about the general attitude of our British friends in the West Indies, it is fitting that something should be said of the treatment we received at Hong Kong through the war. We were so far away in Manila from any American port that the attitude of the British officials at Hong Kong had a most direct bearing on the welfare of our fleet in the Philippines."

C. F. BOURKE.

LOWERING AWAY

THE START OUT TO SEA WITH THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE



THE SURF BOAT

CABLEMEN AND ENGINEERS ON THE WORKING DECK

THE DEEP-SEA CABLE RUNNING OUT OF THE SHIP

LAYING THE CABLE FROM HAVANA TO FLORIDA

WORK ON BOARD THE CABLE SHIP MACKAY-BENNETT, NOW IN WEST INDIAN WATERS

LAYING THE HAVANA CABLE

THE LAYING of a second cable from Havana to the Florida coast is one of the results of the development of closer relations between this country and Cuba. The new line is being laid by the Commercial Cable Company, which, failing to secure special authority from Washington, is going ahead under the Post Roads act, which will give the Postmaster-General power to fix its rate for official messages and authorize the government to take over the line at any time on appraisal.

The business of making and laying cables has been reduced to an exact science since the Agamemnon and the Niagara planted the first submarine telegraph line between Europe and America in 1858. The machinery and methods of a modern telegraph ship, like the Commercial Company's Mackay-Bennett, do not differ radically, however, from those of the experimental stage.

The cable itself varies with the water in which it is to lie. The bottom of the Gulf of Mexico is serrated with coral reefs, and its waters are infested by the Teredo, against whose ravages special armor is required. This will make the Cuban cable unusually heavy and costly. First comes the core or conductor, consisting of intertwined copper wires, then an insulating covering of gutta-percha, then a layer of jute yarn, then a sheathing of steel wires, with another layer of jute and a bituminous coating over all. The core is the same size throughout, but the sheathing varies, being thickest for shallow and thinnest for deep water.

On board ship the cable is kept coiled in huge round iron tanks in the hold. On a platform projecting over the bow is a large iron pulley, back of which is a revolving drum. This is the picking-up apparatus. At the stern is the paying-out gear, similar, but with the addition of four retarding wheels, a brake, and a dynamometer to record the amount of strain the cable is subjected to. When laying actually begins, the great cable glides up from its coil in the tank like a graceful but interminable serpent, passes over the retarding wheels, takes several turns about the brake drum, under the dynamometer, over the stern pulley and into the water. In good weather it can be paid out at the rate of seven nautical miles an hour.

Landing the cable is the most difficult task. This is done by small boats. A short section of the strand is coiled into one of these, or on a lighter, and towed inshore. Cables are seldom landed in harbors, and the task of getting them ashore through the surf is frequently a risky one, for which reason the men engaged are provided with life preservers. Once on dry land the line is anchored in a cable hut, a rough structure built near the water. The cable ship next pays out until deep water is reached, when the cable is sealed at the end and let down to the bottom attached by a rope to a buoy. This is done at both landings. Then the deep-sea section is spliced to one of the shore-ends and paid out until the other shallow water section is reached. There the final splice is made, and the line is ready for working. Telegraphic connection is maintained with the shore as the cable runs out, and constant electrical tests are made.

Wonderful feats of finding lost cables are recorded. In 1866, the Great Eastern grappled for and recovered in mid-ocean the Atlantic cable, which had parted there the year before, and in 1894, when the Faraday was laying the Commercial Company's third Atlantic line, both the buoyed shore-ends were lost and afterward picked up. Instances like these furnish romance and excitement for the men on the cable ships.

CHICAGO'S DRAINAGE CANAL

"THE GREATEST piece of sanitary engineering in the world" is what confident Chicago calls her new drainage channel, now close to completion. Longer and deeper canals have been cut at larger cost, but never before has such a ditch been dug simply to carry off the sewage of a single city.

The Chicago River trisects the city with its two branches. Into this sluggish channel the waste products of a vast and thickly populated area flow, converting it into an open sewer that is never flushed. Years ago it was seen that the only escape from the river's stenches was to turn its waters away from, instead of into, Lake Michigan, which it was rapidly polluting. The drainage canal was proposed.

This was a task truly Herculean—the cleaning of an Augean stream—but it has been substantially accomplished. It was to open a channel from Chicago southwestward twenty-eight miles to Lockport, through which the waters of Lake Michigan would be conveyed, first, into the Desplaines River, thence through the Illinois into the Mississippi at Alton. Through this channel the city's sewage was to be diluted in a flow of three hundred thousand cubic feet of water a minute.

Work was begun September 3, 1892. It was estimated that the cost would come within $21,000,000, and that it would be completed in April, 1896. The time limit has been exceeded three years, and the expenditure, it is now calculated, will reach $31,000,000. This takes in $2,000,000 for seven railroad and seven highway bridges over the canal.

The canal has greater cross-section dimensions than any of the world's great shipways. Where it cuts through rock it is one hundred and sixty feet wide. In the earth sections it slopes from one hundred and ten to two hundred feet at the bottom to from two hundred to three hundred feet at the top. The prism is from thirty to thirty-six feet deep, the minimum depth of water is to be eighteen feet—sufficient for ocean going vessels. The dream is for the government to open a deep-water canal from Hennepin on the Illinois, sixty miles southwest of Lockport, so as to make a big-ship way from the Gulf to the Lakes.

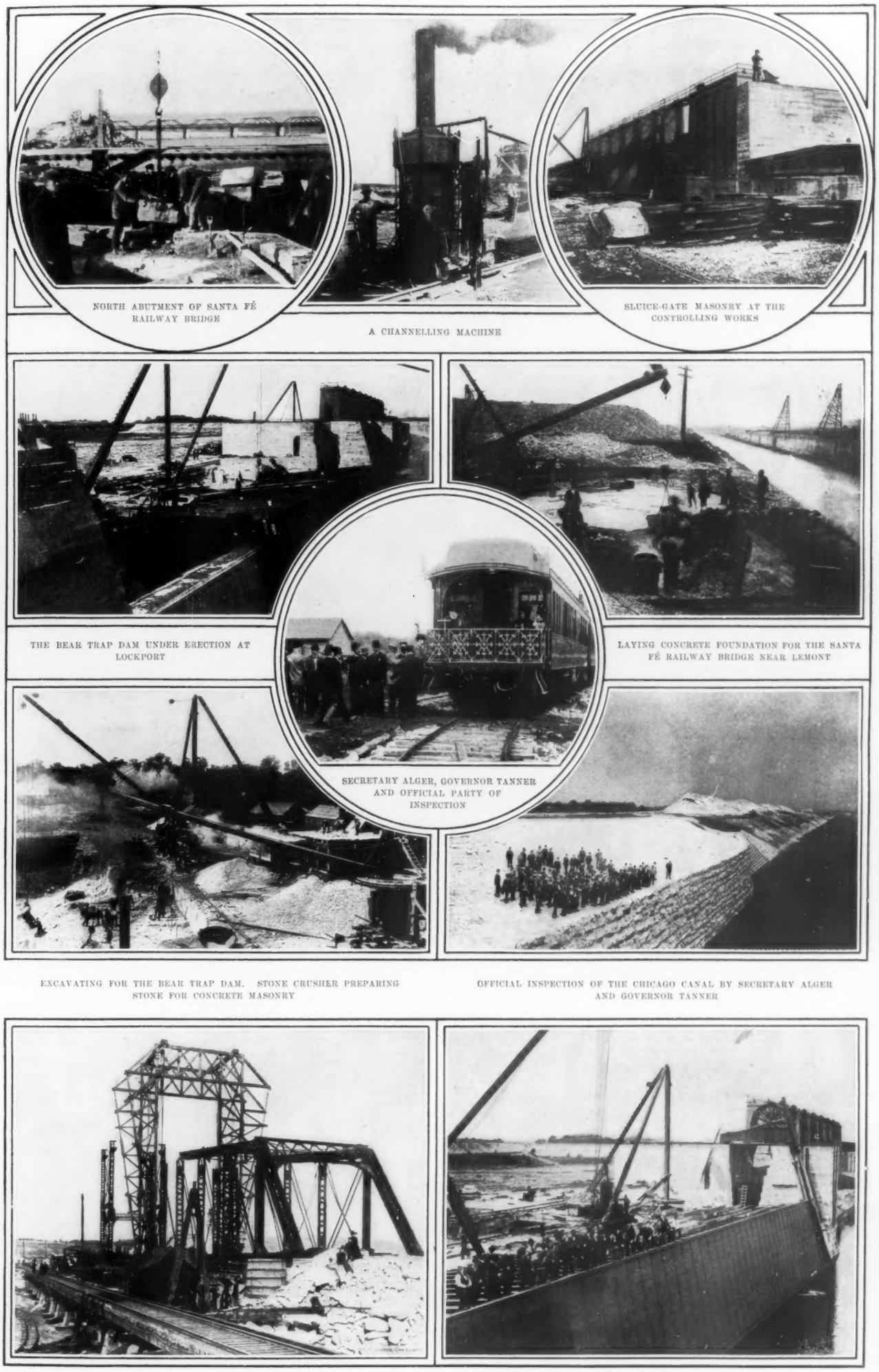
The Desplaines River runs a zigzag course through the Illinois valley. Much of its original bed had to be taken for the canal, and a new channel has been cut for the river, paralleling the drainage canal for thirteen miles. In order to keep the surplus water from flooding the country about Joliet, controlling works have been built at the head of this diversion channel, consisting of a concrete spillway over which water pours only when the gauge shows that the flow southward is too heavy.

At Lockport, the canal debouches into an artificial basin five hundred feet wide, enclosed south and east with massive stone walls, but provided on the west with a gigantic sluice-gate, moved up or down by hydraulic action, through which the water is allowed to escape. This is the "Bear-trap Dam," which particularly interested Secretary Alger when he recently inspected the canal in company with Governor Tanner.

In the excavation of the channel old methods were revolutionized. Monster cantilever cranes, travelling on tracks parallel with the channel and fitted with steam conveyers to the extremities of their long arms, scooped out five hundred cubic yards of dirt an hour. Steam channelling machines cut through the rock section. Compressed air drove the drills. Hydraulic dredges scraped the old river bed. So little mere man labor was never before used on a similar work.

Chicago sees great industrial possibilities in the new canal. There is a fall of five and a half feet between the city and Lockport, which engineers calculate will develop eighty thousand horse power.

THADDEUS HORTON.



NORTH ABUTMENT OF SANTA FÉ RAILWAY BRIDGE

A CHANNELLING MACHINE

SLUICE-GATE MASONRY AT THE CONTROLLING WORKS

THE BEAR TRAP DAM UNDER ERECTION AT LOCKPORT

LAYING CONCRETE FOUNDATION FOR THE SANTA FÉ RAILWAY BRIDGE NEAR LEMONT

SECRETARY ALGER, GOVERNOR TANNER AND OFFICIAL PARTY OF INSPECTION

EXCAVATING FOR THE BEAR TRAP DAM. STONE CRUSHER PREPARING STONE FOR CONCRETE MASONRY

OFFICIAL INSPECTION OF THE CHICAGO CANAL BY SECRETARY ALGER AND GOVERNOR TANNER

THE SANTA FÉ RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL

INSPECTING THE BEAR TRAP DAM AND SLUICE GATES

THE NEW CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

(From photographs by William M. Christie)

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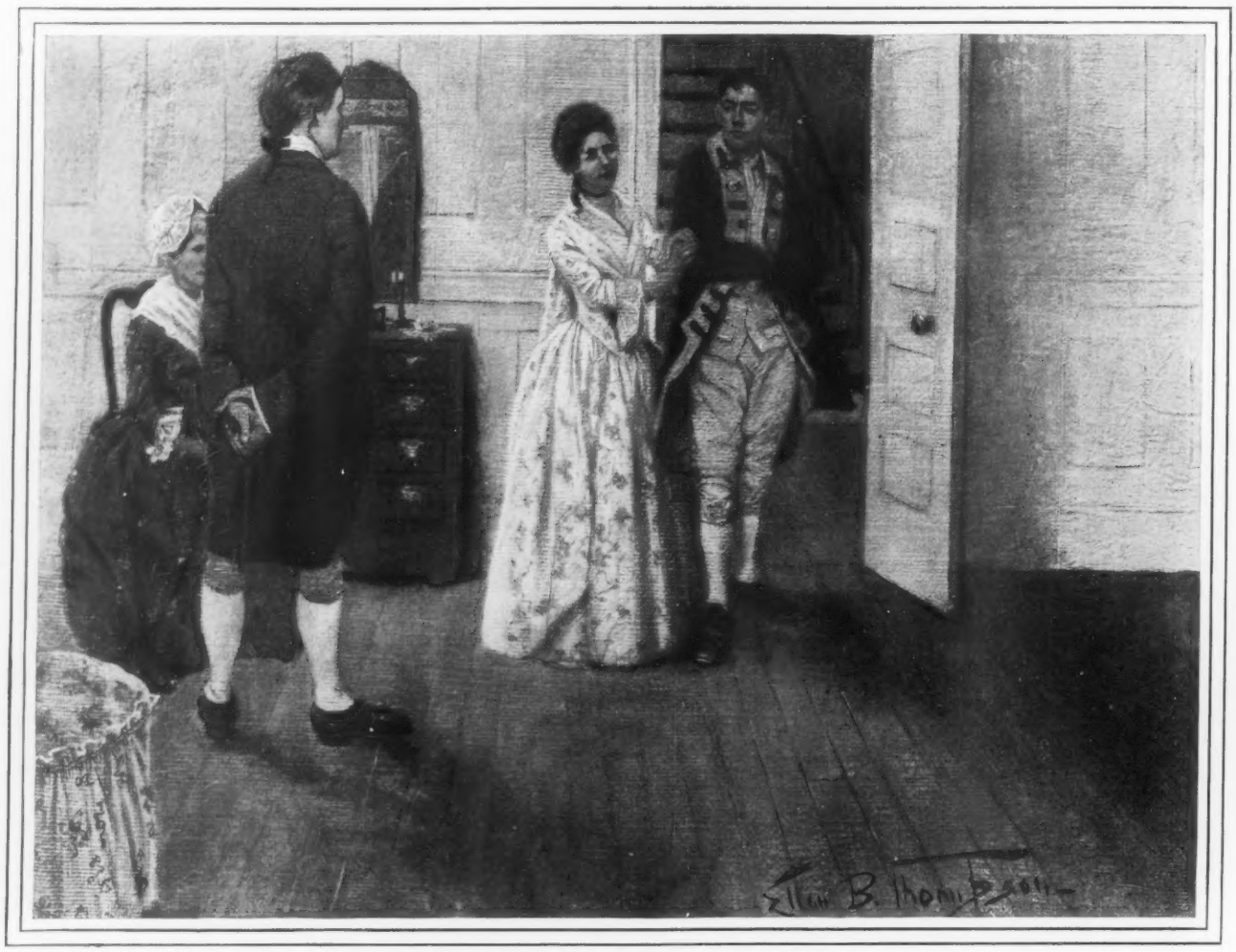


DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

"CHOOSE BETWEEN ME AND YOUR FATHER, JANICE"

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, *Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"*

[*Begun in* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *January 28*]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fownes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. Fownes secretly loves Janice. He becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fownes. The Royalist army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. Fownes (or Colonel Brereton) is captured by British troopers. With Janice's help he escapes. Washington crosses the Delaware and defeats the Hessians.

The Merediths endeavor to bring about a marriage between Janice and Philemon Hennion, a royalist neighbor. Colonel Brereton kidnaps Hennion and prevents the marriage. Squire Meredith is tarred and feathered by the Whigs and driven from the county. Janice, seeking her father, is detained by the illness of Mrs. Meredith and again meets Brereton at Philadelphia. She is threatened with famine, after Washington defeats Burgoyne. She meets Major André and Lord Clowes, who assist the Merediths, and mingles in gay society. News arriving of Hennion's death, Lord Clowes seeks Janice in marriage. Philadelphia is evacuated and the Merediths are left to the mercy of the lawless. They are rescued by Brereton, with whom Janice plights troth.

XLII

A FAREWELL AND A WELCOME

THERE WAS LITTLE WEEDING of the garden that forenoon, unless the brushing off with Jack's gauntlets of some green moss from the garden seat, about which clustered the honeysuckle, can be considered such. Possibly this was done that more sprays of the vine might be plucked, for when Sukey, after repeated calls from the entry, finally came to summon them to dinner, Jack had a bunch of it, and a single rose, thrust in his sword knot.

There was a pretence of affected unconsciousness at the meal on the part of the three, and even of Peg, though the servant made it difficult to maintain the fiction by several times going off into fits of reasonless giggles not easy for those at table to ignore. The repast eaten, Brereton drew Mrs. Meredith aside for a word, and Janice took advantage of the freedom to escape to her room, where she buried her face in the pillow, as if she had some secret to confide to it.

From this she was presently roused by her mother's entrance, and as the girl, with flushed cheeks and questioning look, met her eyes, Mrs. Meredith said: "I think, my child, thou hast acted for the best, and we will hope thy father will think so." She kissed the daughter and added: "Colonel Brereton says he must go, and only tarries for a word with you."

Janice gave one glance at the mirror, and put her hands to her hair, with a look of concern. "'Tis dreadfully disordered."

"He will not notice it, that I'll warrant," prophesied the matron, smiling.

With his horse's bridle over his arm, the lover was waiting for her on the front porch. "Will you not walk with me down the road a little way?" he begged. "'Tis so hard to leave you."

"I—I think I had better not," urged the girl, showing trepidation. "'Twould surely delay you too—"

"Ah, Janice," interrupted the lover, "why—what have I done that you should show such fear of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you," denied Janice hurriedly; "and of course I'll go with you, if—if you think it best."

"Then what is it that frightens you, sweetheart?" persisted Jack, as they set off.

The maiden scrutinized the ground and horizon as if seeking an explanation ere she replied shyly, "'Tis—'tis indeed no fear of you, but you—you never ask permission."

The officer laughed exultingly. "Then may I put my arm about you?" he requested.

"'Twill make walking too difficult."

"How know you that?" demanded Jack.

"'Tis—'tis easily fancied."

Brereton's free arm encircled the girl. "Try to fancy it!" he entreated. "And never again say that I do not ask permission."

A mile down the road Jack halted. "I'll not let you go further," he groaned; "nor must I linger, for reminder of my wound still troubles me if I ride too quick."

"Why did you not tell me you had been wounded when you took me away from the ball?" asked Janice reproachfully.

"'Twas not once in my thoughts that evening, nor was anything else save you."

"I can make all sorts of preserves and jellies, and pickles, and next winter I'll send you some to camp."

"That you shall not," asserted the aide; "for the day we go into winter quarters sees me back here to dance at your wedding."

"Hadst better wait till you are invited, sir," suggested Janice, saucily.

"What? A revolt on my hands already!" exclaimed the officer.

"'Tis you are the rebel."

"Then you are my prisoner," retorted Jack, catching her in his arms.

"You Whigs are a lawless lot!"

"Toward avowed Tories, ay—and a good serve out to them."

"But I gave my word to his Excellency that from henceforth I'd be Whiggish, so you've no right to treat me as one."

"Then I'll not," agreed the lover. "And since I plundered from you while you were against us, 'tis only right that I should return what I took." He kissed her thrice tenderly. "Good-by, my sweet," he said, and, releasing her, mounted. "'Tis fortunate I depend not on my own legs, for they'd never consent to carry me away from you." He started his horse, but turned in his saddle to call back: "'Twill not be later than the first of November, with or without invitation or permission," and throwing a last kiss with his hand, spurred away.

Till Jack passed from view, the girl's eyes followed him; then, with a look of dreaminess in her eyes, she walked slowly back to Greenwood, so abstracted by her thoughts that she spoke not a word to the attendant hound.

Whatever might be the inclination of the girl, her mother gave her little chance to dream in the next few days. Not merely was there much about house and garden to be brought into order, but Mrs. Meredith succeeded in bargaining their standing crop of grass in exchange for a milch cow, and to Janice was assigned both its milking and care, while the chickens likewise became her particular charge. From stores in the attic the mother produced pieces of whole cloth, and Janice was set at work on dresses and underclothes to resupply their depleted wardrobes. Not content with this, Mrs. Meredith drew from the same source unspun wool and unhatchelled flax, and the girl was put to

spinning both into thread and yarn, that Peg might weave them into cloth, against the need of winter. From five in the morning till eight at night there was occupation for all, and so tired was the maid that she gladly enough heard her mother's decree that their small supply of candles should not be used, but that they should go to bed with the sun.

They were thus already asleep by ten o'clock one August evening, when there came a gentle knocking on the back door, which, after several repetitions, ceased, but only to be resumed a moment later on the front one. Neither summons receiving any attention, a succession of pebbles were thrown against Janice's window, finally bringing the sleeper back to wakefulness. Her first feeling, as she became conscious of the cause, was one of fear, and her instinct was to pay no attention to the outsider. After one or two repetitions, however, of the disquieting taps she stole to the window, and keeping herself hidden, peeped out. All she could see was a man standing close to a shrub, as if to take advantage of its concealment, who occasionally raised an arm and tossed a pebble against the panes. Really alarmed, the girl was on the point of seeking her mother, when her eyes took in the fact that Clarion was standing beside the cause of her fright, and seeking, so far as he could, to win his attention. Reassured, the girl raised the sash, and instantly her father's voice broke upon her ears.

"Down with ye, Jan," he said, "and let me get under cover."

Both anxious and delighted, the girl ran downstairs and unbarred the door.

"I had begun to fear me that I had been misinformed, and that ye and your mother were not hereabout," the squire began, "so 'tis indeed a joy to find ye safe." And then, after Mrs. Meredith had been roused, he explained his presence. "Though I could not get back to ye in Philadelphia, no worry I felt on your account, making sure that Lord Clowes would look to your safety. An anxious week I had after the army reached New York, till I received Colonel Brereton's letter, telling me of your safety; though that only assured me as to the past, and I knew that any moment the rascally Whigs might take to persecuting ye again."

"Nay, Lambert," said Mrs. Meredith, "not a one has offered us the slightest annoyance. On the contrary, some of your tenants have tendered us food in payment of rent, though I own that they insist upon hard bargains."

"I would I had as little complaint to make," said the husband. "No sooner did Clinton reach New York than my appointment was taken from me, and but for Phil's kindness I should like to have starved. Though with little money himself, the boy would let me want for nothing, and but for him I should not even have been able to be here to-night."

"How was that, dadda?" asked Janice.

"'Tis not to be whispered outside, Jan, but some of these same patriotic Jerseymen—ay, and the Connecticut Yankees—much prefer the ring of British guineas to the brustle of the worthless paper money of the Whigs, so almost nightly boatloads of provisions and forage steal out of the Raritan for New York, but for which the British army would be on short commons. Phil, who knew of this traffic, secured me passage on one of the empty boats."

"Then the villagers know you have returned?" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, anxiously.

"Not they, for those in the business are as little anxious to have it known they have been in New York as I am to have it known that I am here at Greenwood, and there is little danger that either of us will blab."

"Had Lord Clowes arrived in New York, Lambert?" inquired Mrs. Meredith.

"That he had, and in a mighty dudgeon he was at first against all of us: with ye for what he took offence at in Philadelphia, and with me because I hold to my promise to Phil. But when he had word that I was coming here, he sought me out in a great turn-over, and said if I brought ye back to New York his house should be at our service, and that we should want for nothing. There is no doubt, lass, that he loves ye prodigious."

The girl shivered, August night though it was, but merely exclaimed, "You'd not think of making us go to New York when we are under no necessity?"

"Not I, now that I know ye to be well off, which I feared ye were not. The nut to crack is to know whether I hadst best find safety by returning to New York, to live like a pauper on Phil, or seek to lie hid here for a three months?"

"And why three months, Lambert?" asked his wife.

"'Tis thought that will serve to bring about a peace. Have ye not heard how this much-vaunted alliance with France has resulted? The French fleet and soldiers, united to a force under Sullivan, attempted to capture the British post at Newport, but oil and vinegar would not mix. The Parley-voos wanted to monopolize all the honor by having the Americans play second fiddle to them, but to this they'd not consent, and while the two were quarrelling over it, like dogs over a bone, in steps the British, drubs the two of them, and carries off the prize. That gone, they've set to quarrelling as to whose fault it was. The feeling now is as bitter against the French as 'twas against the British, and 'tis thought that with this end to their hopes from the frog-eaters, they'll be glad enough to make a peace with us, the more that their paper money, the only thing that has kept them going this long, loses value daily, and they will soon have nothing with which to pay bills and soldiers."

"You had best stay here, Lambert," advised Mrs. Meredith. "'Twill be more comfortable for you, and far happier for us."

"Remember that I run the risk of capture, wife."

"You can be kept concealed from all but Peg and Sukey, who are as faithful as we."

"And I am sure, if by chance you were discovered," suggested Janice, haltingly, "that Colonel Brereton would—would—save you from ill treatment."

"Colonel Brereton?"

"Ay, Lambert," spoke up Mrs. Meredith, as her daughter looked appealingly to her. "There is something yet to be told, which has won us a strong friend who would never permit you to suffer. Colonel Brereton, to whom we owe all our present safety, has declared his attachment to Janice, and seeks her—"

"Small doubt he has," derisively interjected the squire. "I make certain that every rebel, seeing the game drawing to a close, is seeking to feather his nest."

"Nay, Lambert. 'Tis obvious he truly loves our—"

"He may, but it shall not help him to her or her acres," again interrupted the father. "The impudence of these Whigs passes belief. I hope ye sent him off with a bee in his breeches, Matilda."

"That we did not," denied Mrs. Meredith. "Nor wouldst thou, had thou been with us to realize all his goodness to us."

"Well, well," grumbled the father resignedly. "I suppose if the times are such that we must accept favors of the rebels, we must not resent their insults. But 'tis bitter to think of our good land come to such a pass that rogues like this Brereton and Bagby should dare obtrude their suits upon us."

"Oh, dadda," protested Janice, pleadingly, "'twas truly no insult he intended, but the—the highest—he spoke as if—as if— There was a tender respect in his every word and action, as if I might have been a queen. And I could not— Oh, mommy, please, please tell it for me!"

"'Tis best thou shouldst know at once, Lambert, that Janice favors his wooing."

"What!" roared the squire, looking incredulously from mother to daughter, and then, as the latter nodded her head, he cried, "I'll not believe it of ye, Jan, however ye may nod your pate. Wed a bondman! Where's your pride, child, that ye should even let the thought occur to ye?"

"But, dadda, he is now a lieutenant-colonel and—"

"Of what? Where's the honor in being in command of the riff-raff of the land? Dost not know that the most of their officers are made out of tapsters and tinkers and the like? Does it make a tavern idler or a bankrupt the less of either, that a pack of dunghills choose to dub him by another title? Once peace and law are come again, this same scallawag Brereton, or Fownes, or whatever he will then be, must return to my service, and fulfil his bond, with a penalty of double time to boot. Proud ye'd be to see your spouse ordered to field or stable work every morning by my overseer!"

"'Twould grieve me, dadda," replied the girl, gently, "because I know how proud he is, and how it would make him suffer; but 'twould not lessen my respect or—or affection for him."

"What!" snorted Mr. Meredith once more. "Dost mean to tell me that your heart is in this?"

"I— Indeed, dadda," stammered Janice, coloring, "until—until this moment I thought 'twas only for yours and mommy's sakes—though at times puzzled by—by I know not what—but now—"

"Well, out with it," ordered the squire, as his daughter hesitated.

Janice faltered, then hurried to where her father sat, and, throwing herself on her knees, buried her face in his waistcoat. Something she said, but very sharp ears it needed to resolve the muffled sounds into the words, "Oh, dadda, I'm afraid that I care for him more than I thought."

"What!" for a third time demanded Mr. Meredith. "'Tis not possible I hear ye aright, girl. Why, a nine months ago ye were beseeching me, with your arms about my neck, to fulfil my word to Phil."

"But that was because I feared Lord Clowes," eagerly explained Janice, with her face withdrawn from its screen; "and then I did not love—or at least did not dream that I did."

"Pox me, but I believe Clowes is right, when he says the sex are without stability," growled the squire, irascibly. "Put this fellow out of your thoughts, and remember that ye were promised long since."

"Oh, dadda, I want to be dutiful, and obedient I promise to be, but you would not have me marry with my heart given elsewhere. You could not be so cruel or—"

"Cease such bibble-babble, Jan. 'Tis for your own good I am acting. Not merely is this fellow wholly beneath ye in birth and fortune, besides a rebel to our king, but there are facts about him of which ye have not cognizance that should serve to rouse your pride."

"What?"

"What say ye to an intimacy 'twixt this same Brereton and Mrs. Loring?"

With the question the girl was on her feet, yet with down-hung head. "He—I know he does not care for her," she declared.

"Ye know nothing of the kind," retorted the squire. "I bear in my pocket a letter from her to him of so private a nature that she would not trust it to a flag, because then it must be read, which Lord Clowes brought to me with the request that I would in some way smuggle it to him."

"That means little," said Janice.

"And what say you to his meeting her in New York, for that is the purport of her letter to him?"

"How know you that?" cried Janice.

"Because she writ on the outside that the commander at Paulus Hook had been sent orders to pass him to New York."

"That proves no wrong on his part," answered the girl, her head proudly erect. "Nor will I believe any of him." And without further words she went from the room. But though she went to bed, she tossed restless and wakeful till the sun rose.

XLIII

SCANT WELCOME FOR MAN AND BEAST

THE CONCEALMENT of the master of Greenwood proved an easy affair, for it was now the harvest season, and the neighboring farmers were far too engaged by their own interests to have thought of anything else, while the four miles was distance sufficient to deter the villagers from keeping an eye on the daily household life. For their own comfort, a place of concealment was arranged for the squire in the garret behind the big loom; but thus assured of a retreat, he spent his time on the second floor, his only precautions being to avoid the windows in daylight hours and to keep Clarion at hand to give warning of any interloper.

In the next few days Mrs. Meredith twice reverted to the subject of their midnight discussion, but each time only to find her husband unyieldingly persistent that Janice was pledged to Philemon, and that if this bar did not exist, he would never countenance Brereton's suit. As for the girl, she shunned all allusion to the matter, taking refuge in a proud silence.

In September an unexpected event brought the difficulty to a crisis. One evening, after the work of the day was over, as they sat in Mrs. Meredith's room, waiting for the dusk to deepen enough for beds to become welcome, a creak of the stairs set all three to listening, and brought Clarion to his feet. Though no repetition of the sound followed, the dog, after a moment's attention, dashed out of the room, and was heard springing and jumping about, with yelps betokening joyful recognition of some one. Reassured by this, yet wishing to know more, Janice hurried into the hall. Coming from the half light, it was too dark for her to distinguish anything, so she was forced to grope her way to the stairs; but other eyes were keener, and Janice, without warning, was encompassed by a man's arms, which drew her to him, that his lips might press an eager kiss upon hers.

"Who is it?" whispered the pilferer, after the theft.

"Oh, Colonel Brereton!" exclaimed the girl in an undertone; "I knew at once, but—"

"Forgive me if I frightened you, sweetheart," begged the officer, softly. "I could not resist the impulse to surprise you, and so tied my horse down the road a bit, that I might steal in upon you unaware."

"But what brings you?" questioned the girl, anxiously.

Brereton answered, with a touch of irritation, "And you can ask? Even my vanity is forced to realize you waste little love on me that you need explanation. Sixty miles and over I have rid to-day solely that I might bide the night here, and not so much as a word of welcome do you give me. But I vow you shall love me some day, even as I love you; that you too shall long for sight of me when I am away, and caress me as fondly when I return."

"I did not mean that I was not glad to see you," protested the maiden; "but—I thought—I thought you could not leave the army."

"Know then, madam," banteringly explained the lover, "that the court-martial which has been trying Lee for his conduct at Monmouth has come to a verdict, which required transmission to Congress, for confirmation, and as I enjoy nothing better than two hundred and forty miles of riding in September heats and dust, I fairly went on my knees to his Excellency for permission to bear it. Do I not deserve something to lighten the journey? Ah, my sweet, if you do care for me a little, prove it by once returning me one of my kisses!"

"With whom are you speaking, daughter?" demanded Mrs. Meredith, losing patience at the continuance of the dialogue she could just realize.

"'Tis I, John Brereton, Mrs. Meredith," spoke up the intruder, "come in search of a night's lodgings."

The information was enough to make the squire forget prudence, in the spleen it aroused. "Have done with your whispered prittle-prattle, Jan, and let me have sight of this fellow," he called, angrily.

"Mr. Meredith, you here?" cried the officer, springing to the doorway, to make sure that his ears did not deceive him.

"Ay, and no wonder 'tis a sad surprise to you," went on Mr. Meredith, irascibly. "There shall be no more stolen interviews—ay, or kisses—from henceforth, ye Jerry Sneak! Come out of the hall, Janice, and have done with this courting by stealth."

"I call Heaven to witness," retorted Jack, hotly, "if once I have acted underhand; and you have no right—"

"Pooh! 'tis not for a jailbird and bond-servant and rebel to lay down the right and wrong to Lambert Meredith."

"Oh, dadda—" expostulatingly began Janice.

"What is more," continued the father, regardless of her protest, "I'll have ye know that I take your behind-back wooing of my daughter as an insult, and will none of it."

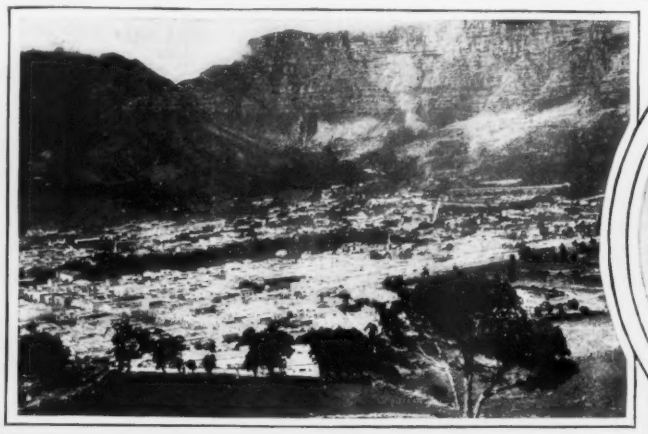
"Is it prudent, Lambert, to needlessly offend Colonel Brereton?" deprecated Mrs. Meredith.

"Ay. Let him give me up to the authorities," sneered the husband. "'Twill be all of a piece with his other doings."

"To such an imputation I refuse to make denial," said Brereton, proudly; "but be warned, sir, by the trials for treason now going on in Jersey and Pennsylvania, what fate awaits you if you are captured. Even I could not save you, I fear, after your taking office from the king, if you were caught thus."

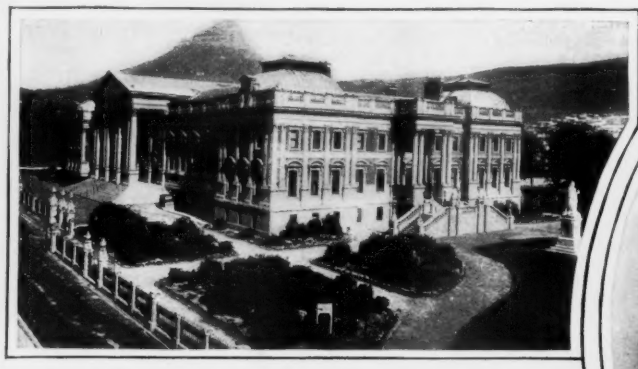
"Wait till ye're asked, and we'll see who first needs help, ye or I," retorted the squire. "Meantime understand that I'll not have ye at Greenwood, save as a bond-servant. My girl is promised to a man of property and respectability, and is to be had by no servant who dare not so much as let the world know who were his father and mother!"

CONVICT LABOR AT THE KIMBERLY DIAMOND MINES



CAPE TOWN, CAPITAL OF CAPE COLONY, S. A.

DR. LEANDER STARR JA

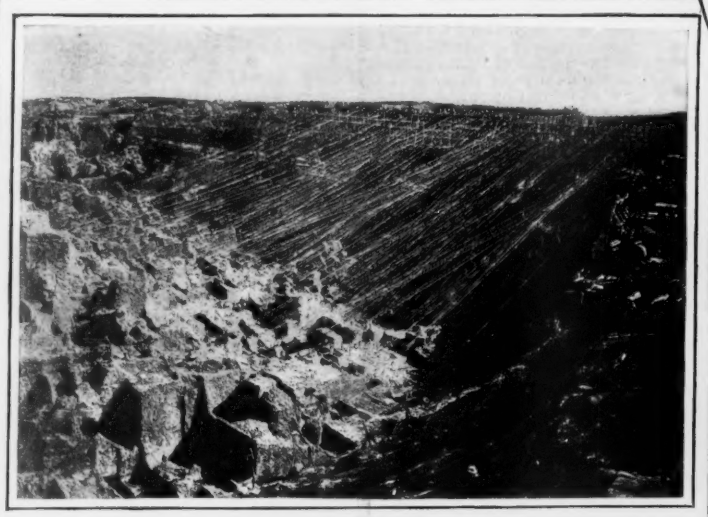


GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

"OOM" PAUL KRUGE

President of the South African

A ZULU BELLE



THE DIAMOND MINES AT KIMBERLY

MR. CECIL J. RHODES

England's Empire-Maker in South

THE GREAT BAOBAB TREE

"THE HARVEST DANCE" OF THE ZULUS

THE SOUTH AFR

(PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AND THE

LEANDER STARR JAMESON

ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN

ZULU METHOD OF SHAKING HANDS

OOM" PAUL KRUGER,
t of the South African Republic.

COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG

"THE RANDT," OR GOLD FIELDS, AT JOHANNESBURG

A ZULU WARRIOR

R. CECIL J. RHODES,
Empire-Maker in South Africa.

THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG

I AFRICAN CRISIS

OD HOPE AND THE TRANSVAAL—*See article on page 6*

It was now too dark to distinguish anything, so the others did not see how Brereton's face whitened. For a moment he was silent, then in a voice hoarsely strident he said: "No man but you could speak thus and not pay the full penalty of his words; and since you take so low an advantage of my position, further relations with you are impossible. Janice, choose between me and your father, for there can be but the one of us in your future life."

"Oh, Jack," cried the girl, imploringly, "you cannot—if you love me, you cannot ask such a thing of me."

"He puts it well," asserted Mr. Meredith. "Dost intend to obey me, child, or—"

"Oh, dadda," chokingly moaned Janice, "you know I have promised obedience, and never will I be undutiful, but—"

The lade, not giving her time to complete the sentence, vehemently exclaimed, "'Tis as I might have expected! Lover good enough I am when you are in peril or want, but once saved, I am quickly taught that your favors are granted from policy and not from love."

"'Tis not so," denied the girl, indignantly yet miserably. "I—"

"Be still, Jan," ordered the father. "Think ye, sir, Lambert Meredith's daughter would ever bring herself to wed a no-name and double-name fellow such as ye? Here is a letter I fetched to ye from that—Mrs. Loring; take it and go to her. She's the fit company for gentry of your breed, and not my girl."

"Beg of me forgiveness on your deathbed, or on mine, and I'll not pardon you the words you have just spoken," thundered the officer; "and though you stand on the gallows itself, I will not stir a finger to save you. Once for all, Janice, take choice between us."

"'Tis an option you have no right to force upon me," responded the girl, desperately.

"Ay, pay no heed to what he says, Jan. Hand him this letter and let him go."

"If he wants it, he must take it himself," cried Janice. "I'll not touch her letter."

The indignant loathing in the tone of the speaker was too clearly expressed not to be understood, and Brereton replied to it, rather than to her words. "I tried to speak to you of her—to tell you the whole wretched story, when last I saw you, but I could not bring myself in such hap—at such an hour—the moment was too untimely—and so I did not. Little I suspected that you already knew the facts of my connection with her."

"Despite the proof I myself had, I have ever refused to credit when told by others what you have just owned," declared the girl. "Nor will I listen to you. From the first I scorned and hated her, and now wish never to hear of the shameful creature again."

Without a word the officer passed into the hall, and began the descent. Before he had reached the foot of the stairs Janice was at its head.

"You'll not go without a good-by, Jack," she pleaded. "Obey dadda I ought—but— Oh, Jack—I will—if you will but come back— Yes, I will kiss you."

Brereton halted and clutched the banister, as if to prevent either departure or return, and could the girl have seen the look on his face she would have been in his arms before he had time to conquer himself. But in doubt as to what the pause indicated, she stood waiting, and, after a moment's struggle, Jack strode through the hallway and was gone. So long as his footsteps could be heard Janice stood listening to them, but when they had died out of hearing she went into her own room, and the parents heard the bolt slot.

There was something in the girl's eyes the next morning which prevented either father or mother from recurring to the scene, and time did not make it easier; for Janice, with a proudly sad face, did her tasks in an almost absolute silence, which told more clearly than words her misery. Probably the matter would have eventually been reopened, but two days brought a new difficulty which gave both Mr. and Mrs. Meredith something else for thought.

Its first warning was from the hound, who roused his master, as he dozed in an easy-chair one sleepy afternoon, by a growl, and the squire's own ears served to tell him that horsemen were entering the gate. The women on the floor below also heard the sounds, and with a call to make sure that the refugee was seeking his hiding-place, the mother and daughter hurried to the front door to learn what the incursion might portend.

From the porch they could see a half-dozen riders in uniform, who had drawn rein just inside the gateway, while yet another, accompanied by two dogs, rode up to where they were standing.

"'Tis General Lee," exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, as he came within recognizing distance. "Probably he wishes a night's lodging."

It was far from what the officer wanted, as it proved; for when he had come within good speaking distance he called angrily, "Ho! ye are there, are ye, hussy? Still busily seeking, I suppose, to be a pick-thanks with those in power by throwing ridicule on those they are trying to destroy."

"I know not the cause for your extraordinary words, General Lee," replied Mrs. Meredith, with much dignity, "and can only conclude that a warm afternoon has tempted you into a too free use of the bottle."

"Bah!" ejaculated Lee. "My bicker is not with ye, but with your girl, whom it seems has a liking for mischief and slander."

"I am ignorant to what you refer, sir, and cannot believe—" began the mother.

"Deny if you dare that she limned the caricature of me which was handed about the theatre, and made me and my dogs the laugh of the town for a week?" interrupted Lee. "Only three days since I had a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, telling me a journal of hers had been examined by the council, and that therein she confessed it as her work."

"Indeed, General Lee," said Mrs. Meredith, apologetically. "The child meant no—"

"I tell you I'm not to be mollified by any women's babble," blustered Lee. "I know 'tis part and parcel of an attempt to ruin my character. Even to this silly witling, all are endeavoring to break me down by one succession of abominable, damnable lies. The very court that has been trying me would not believe that white was white as regards me, or that black was black as regards this G. Washington, whom the army and the people consider as an infallible divinity, when he is but a bladder of emptiness and pride. I am now on my way to get their verdict against me, and in favor of this Great Gargantua, or Lama Babek—for I know not which to call him—set aside, and I stopped in passing to tell you that I—"

What the general intended was not to be known, for at this point there came that which turned his thoughts. One of his dogs, an English spaniel, neither interested in Janice's caricature of Lee, nor in Lee's abuse of Washington, took advantage of his master's preoccupation to steal into the house, a proceeding which Clarion evidently resented, for suddenly from within came loud yaps and growls, which told only too plainly that if there was no protector of the household from the anger of the general, there was one who objected to the intrusion of his dog. Scarcely had the sounds of the fight begun than shrill yelps of pain indicated that one participant was getting very much the worst of it, and which was quickly shown by the general roaring an oath and a command that they stop the "murder of my Cæsar." The din was too great within, however, for Clarion to hear the order that both ladies shouted to him, though it is to be questioned if he would have heeded them if he had, and with another oath Lee was out of his saddle and into the house, his riding-whip raised to take summary vengeance.

Just as the general entered the hallway, the spaniel, wriggling free from the hound's onslaught, fled upstairs, closely pursued by the other dog, and after the two stamped the officer. On the second floor the fugitive faltered, to cast an agonized glance behind him, but sight of Clarion's open mouth was enough, and up the garret stairs he dashed. At the top he once more paused, looking in all directions for a haven of refuge, and seeing a man in the act of retreating behind the loom in the corner, he fled to him for protection. When Lee entered the garret, only Clarion, every bristle on end, was in view, standing guard over a corner of the room, and striding to him, the general lashed him twice with his riding-whip ere the transgressor, with howls of pain, fled. Then Lee peered behind the loom in search of his favorite.

"Devil seize me!" he exclaimed. "What have we here? Ho! a good find," he jeered, as he made out the squire. He rushed to one of the windows, threw it up, and called a summons to the group of horsemen; then came back as the squire crawled from his retreat. "Little did I reck," gloated Lee, "when I read at the tavern this very day the governor's proclamation attainting you, that ye'd come to be my prize. And poetic justice it is that I should have the chance to revenge in you the insult of your daughter."

XLIV

UNDER SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

NO PRAYER the women could make served to sway Lee from his purpose, and without delay the prisoner was mounted behind one of the escort, taken to Brunswick, and handed over to the authorities. When Mrs. Meredith and Janice, who followed on foot, reached the town, it was to find that the squire was to be carried to Trenton the next morning. A plea was made that they should be permitted to accompany him, but it was refused, and a bargain was finally made with the publican to carry them.

The following evening saw them all in Trenton, Mr. Meredith in jail, and the ladies once more at the Drinkers'. It was too late for anything to be attempted that night, but early the next day Mrs. Meredith, with Mr. Drinker, called on Governor Livingston to plead for mercy.

"Had he come in and delivered himself up, there might have been some excuse for special lenience," the governor argued; "but captured as he was, there can be none. The people have suffered so horribly in the last two years that they wish a striking example made of some prominent Tory, and will not brook a reasonless pardon. He must stand his trial under the statute and proclamation, and of that there can be but one outcome."

When the suppliants returned with this gloomy prediction, Janice, who held herself accountable for the calamity, primarily by having secured the appointment of her father, and still more by drawing the caricature which had brought such disaster, was so overcome that for a time the mother's anxieties were transferred to her. Realizing this, after the first wild outburst of grief and horror were over, Janice struggled desperately to regain self-control; and when the two had gone to bed, she successfully resisted her longing to give way once more to tears, though no sleep came to her the night through. Yet, if she brought pale cheeks and tired eyes to the breakfast table, there was determination rather than despair in her face and manner, as if in her long vigil she had thought out some deliverance.

In what this consisted was shown by her whispered request to Mr. Drinker the moment the meal had been despatched, to learn for her if Joe Bagby was in town and to arrange for an interview. Within the hour her emissary returned with the member of Assembly.

"I suppose you have heard, Mr. Bagby, of my father's capture," she said, without even the preliminary of a greeting.

"Yes, miss," said Bagby, awkwardly and shamefacedly. "'Tis news that didn't stop travelling, and 'twas all over Trenton before he'd been an hour in town. One way or another, he and I haven't got on well, but I didn't wish him or you any such bad luck, and I'm real sorry it's come about."

"I wished to see you to ask—to beg," went on the girl, "that you would persuade the governor to set him free."

"But he'd not have the right to do that," replied Joe. "He only can pardon the squire after his trial. And right now I want to say that if you haven't settled on any lawyer, I will take the case and do my best for your dad, and let you take your own time as to paying me."

"Oh, Mr. Bagby," pleaded the girl, "Mr. Drinker is sure that he will be convicted of treason. Can you not do something to stop it?"

"I am afraid he is right, miss. About his only chance will be for the governor to pardon him."

"But only yesterday he said he should not," wailed Janice. "Can you not persuade him?"

"Guess 'twould be only a waste of my time," answered Joe. "He and I have disagreed over some appointments, and we aren't much of friends in consequence. But aside from that, he's a great trimmer for popularity, and the people just now are desperate set on having the Tories punished."

"Don't say that," besought the girl. "Surely, if—if—if I promise to marry you, cannot you save him?"

"If 'twas a bridge to be built, or a contract for uniforms, or something of that sort, I'd have real influence in the Assembly; but I am afraid I can't fix this matter. The governor's a consarned obstinate man most times, and I don't believe he'll listen to any one in this. What I can do, though, if you'll just do what you offered, miss, will be to save your property from all risk of being taken from you."

"Don't speak of it to me," cried Janice, wildly. "Do you think we could care for such a thing now?"

"Property's property," said Joe, "and 'tisn't a good thing to forget, no matter what happens. However, that can wait. Now about my being your lawyer?"

"I will speak to my mother," replied the girl, sadly, "and let you know her wishes." And the words were so evidently a dismissal that Bagby took his departure.

Without pausing to mourn over the failure, Janice procured paper and pen, and set about a letter; but it was long in the writing, for again and again the pages were torn up. Finally, in desperation, she let her quill run on, regardless of form, grammar, erasures, or the blurs caused by her own tears, until three sheets had been filled with incoherent prayers and promises. "If only you can save him," one read, "nothing you ask of me, even to disobeying him, even to running off with you, will I refuse. I will be your very slave." If ever a proud girl humbled herself, Janice did so in this appeal.

The reading of the missive was begun the next day by an officer seated in the "public" of the City Tavern of Philadelphia, but after a very few lines he rose and carried it to his own room, and there completed it. Then folding it up, he thrust it into his pocket, once more descended the stairs, and inquired of the tavern-keeper: "'Twas reported that General Lee came to town yesterday; dost know where he lodges?"

"I hearn he was at the Indian King."

"Thanks," responded the questioner, and then asked: "One thing more. Hast a stout riding-whip you can lend me for a few minutes?"

"Ay, Colonel Brereton. Take any one that suits you from the rack."

The implement secured, the officer set out down the street, with a look that boded ill for somebody.

Five minutes later, with one hand held behind his back, he stood in the doorway of the public room of another ordinary, arriving just in time to hear a man proclaim in stentorian tones:

"I tell ye, any other general in the world than General Howe would have beat General Washington; and any other general in the world than General Washington would have beat General Howe."

"Hush!" said a man. "Here is one of his aides."

"Think ye I care?" roared Lee "Colonel Brereton knows too well the truth of what I say to dare resent it. The more that hear me the better."

Brereton strode forward to within three feet of Lee. "You owe your immunity," he said, struggling to speak quietly, "to the very man you are abusing, for not one of his staff but would have challenged you after your insulting letters to him, had not General Washington commanded us all to refrain, lest, if any of his family called you out, it should seem like his personal persecution. Your conduct to him was outrage enough to make me wish to kill you, but now you have given me a stronger reason, and this time there is no high-minded man to save you from my vengeance, you cur!" There was a quick motion of Jack's arm, a swishing sound, and the whip was furiously lashed full across the general's face.

Lee, white with rage, save where a broad red welt stretched from ear to chin, staggered to his feet, drawing his sword as he rose, but his three companions united to restrain him.

"Take your satisfaction like a gentleman, sir," said one, "and not like a tavern broiler."

"I shall see Major Franks within the hour," remarked Brereton; "and have no doubt he will represent me. But if you wish a meeting, you must act promptly, for I shall not remain in the city later than noon to-morrow."

It was just after dawn the next morning that five horsemen turned off from the Frankford road into a meadow, and struck across it to a piece of timber on the other side. One of them was left with the horses, and the remainder took their way to an open spot, where the trees had been felled. Here the four paired off, and the couples held a brief consultation.

"I care not," Brereton ended, "so long as you secure

(*Continued on page 18*)

THE CLOSING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN will probably look back on the season of 1898–99 with superstitious awe. Everything he has undertaken has succeeded. As a mere experiment, at the close of the season, he has put on "His Excellency, the Governor," by a writer unknown here, Mr. R. Marshall, and it has made so great a success that he has been persuaded to transfer it to the Empire Theatre, where it will probably run for several weeks longer. Now, "His Excellency, the Governor," is no very great play; in fact, it is no play at all; it has no central interest, no backbone. But it is full of genuine humor and fun, which makes it most suitable for hot weather. Mr. R. Marshall, who is said to be a retired British officer, evidently knows his India as well as Kipling does. It is a somewhat different India from Kipling's, quite as flirtatious, but altogether less grewsome. There are, of course, as many Indias as there are visitors in India, not to speak of the Indias that the natives see. "Suppose Lefcadio Hearn had gone to India instead of Kipling," said a shrewd critic the other day. "What a different idea of India we should have! Instead of the India of heat and slaughter, it would be the India of flowers and romance." But this is all apart from our play. By not taking India too seriously, Mr. Marshall has made India serve his purpose for a very charming background and for an extremely pretty theme. There is an Indian legend that the flowering of the aloe tree, which takes place every hundred years, sends forth an odor which causes all men and women to fall in love. Now what theme could be more delightful for a romantic comedy? All of Mr. Marshall's characters fall in love, including the servants. Mr. Marshall might easily have worked out the theme with dramatic effect, but he apparently lacked the skill. This is only another way of saying that his piece is so clever that it ought to be a really good play. The interest breaks down toward the end, but the humor is fairly well sustained, and the dialogue keeps a certain fine quality. Mr. Marshall, oddly enough for a man and a beginner, is most successful in his treatment of the characters of women. The scene in the second act, where the ladies visiting Sir Montagu Martin hear that they are about to be attacked by the Indian mutineers and barricade one of the doors with furniture, is deliciously amusing and feminine. Moreover, Mr. Marshall takes advantage of it to develop a very neatly devised romantic scene. Much of the charm of the performance is due to the acting, which is as good as we have had in New York this winter in any company. Miss Jessie Millward has made a pronounced success in the character of a clever, audacious, fascinating woman of the world, with a past that is kept discreetly veiled. It is full of delicious touches of comedy. The other performers include Mr. Guy Standing and Mr. Robert Edeson, as the rather gay British officers; Miss Elliston as a pretty and vivacious English girl, and Miss May Robson as an irascible dowager, genuinely humorous, without being grotesque or exaggerated.

At the Harlem Opera House Miss Olga Nethersole has lately had the honor of presenting for the first time before a New York audience a play by Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero. "The Profligate," written in the late eighties, was tried a few seasons ago, when Miss Marie Burroughs made an attempt to lead a company of her own, and it had previously enjoyed a long career of success in England and in Australia. So, besides being of interest by virtue of coming from the greatest of English-speaking dramatists, if not from the greatest dramatist now living, it was particularly interesting in contrast with the brilliant work done by Pinero in the past half-dozen years. Of all the Pinero pieces that I have seen, however, it is by far the least worthy of its author. And yet I keep in mind "The Princess and the Butterfly," which had an ephemeral success here last year, in spite of being incoherent, dramatically flippant, and weak; the careless work of a master of his craft who, at the moment of writing, had nothing to say. Now, in "The Profligate," Pinero had something to say, but he had not mastered his craft. Only a short time before he had stepped out of that false, foolish world behind the footlights, the world of actors who look at life through prismatic glasses in which human characters and human actions are wofully distorted. Until I saw "The Profligate," I believed that Pinero was one of the few men who had been on the stage and yet had kept a clear vision. But this work is distinctly an actor's work. And yet, as a piece of craftsmanship, it is wonderfully ingenious. It is in the filling in of the simple structure that the dramatist shows weakness. The theme is very simple, almost trite. Dunstan Renshaw, after seducing Janet Preece, marries Leslie Brudenel, a schoolgirl. By chance, in the absence of Renshaw, Janet becomes a member of his household, and on his return, not knowing that he is Leslie's husband, she reveals his guilt. Leslie, who has believed her husband to be the soul of honor, recoils from him, and believing that he can never win her respect again, he is tempted to commit suicide. But, after a violent struggle, he resolves to live down his sin, and on meeting his wife again, he is astonished to receive her pardon.

This very lame conclusion to a powerful situation, it should be explained, is a mere concession on the part of Mr. Pinero. When he wrote the piece he wished to exemplify this merciless rhyme, which rather incongruously, by the way, still finds a place on the programme:

> It is a good and steadfast saw:
> "Half roasted never will be raw,
> No dough is dried once more to meal,
> No crock e'er shapen by the wheel;
> You can't turn curd to milk again,
> Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then;
> And having tasted stolen honey,
> You can't buy innocence for money."

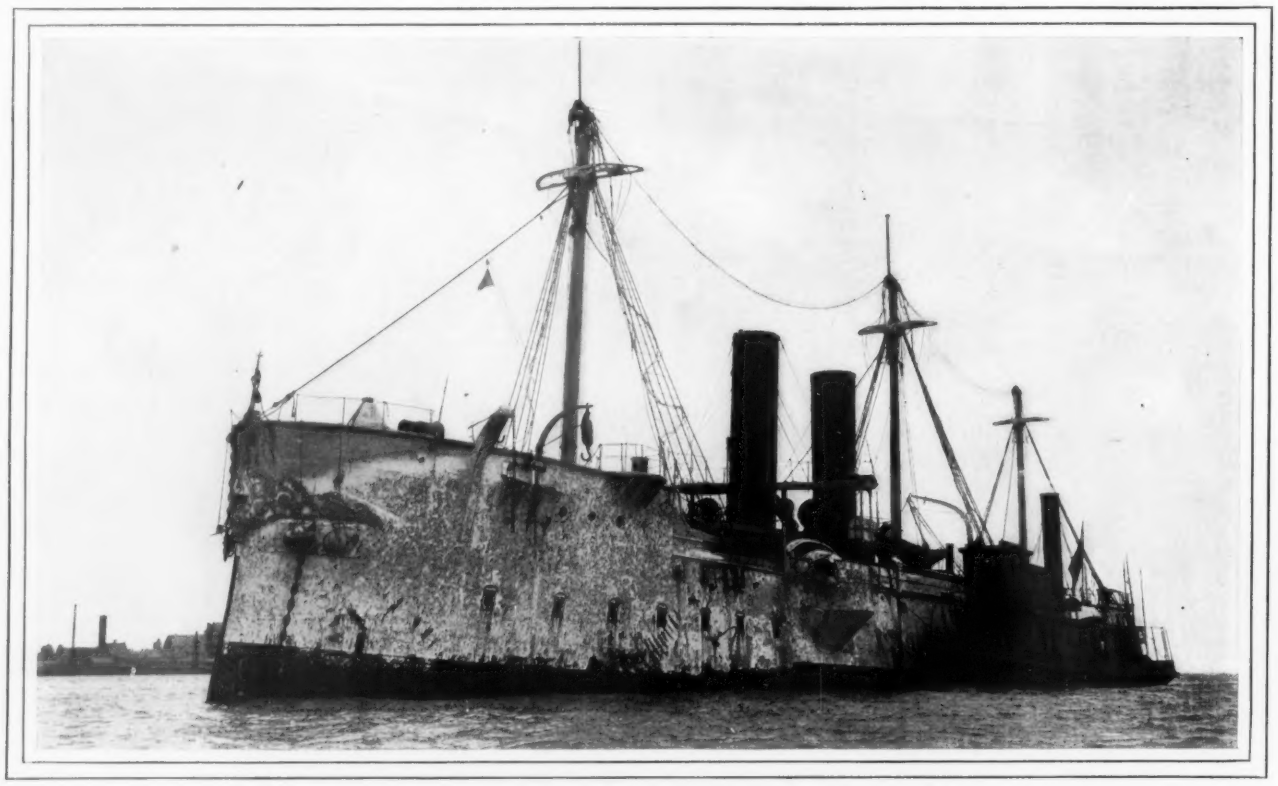
Throughout the earlier acts it is plain that Mr. Pinero had his moral strongly in mind. Consequently, the work is warped by the author's bias, and becomes preachy and theatrical. Instead of the easy, colloquial language that the dramatist now employs, he fell frequently into the grandiloquence of the conventional melodrama. The character of Leslie, designed to be pure and ingenuous, is really priggish to the last degree. And as for Murray, the solicitor, who has secretly loved her for years, he is nothing more than a whining old woman. In fact, nearly all the characters are so exaggerated that it was not surprising that many of their speeches were received by the audience with satirical laughter. Nevertheless, it remains true that "The Profligate" is a most effective dramatic composition. When the climax of the third act is reached, disclosing the husband's profligacy, you look back with astonishment and delight at the skill and the artistic economy with which the dramatist has developed the situation. The fourth act, however, is so pitifully weak that it seems hardly credible that it could have been written by Pinero. It is purely gratuitous, it has no dramatic significance or artistic value, and its final scenes suggest the hurried writing of a dramatic hack, eager to bring the piece to a close. To those who love the work that Mr. Pinero is now doing, the hero's long soliloquy, in which he debates whether he shall take poison, is particularly distressing.

The presentation of the piece obscured its merits and magnified its faults. Miss Nethersole ornamented the character of Leslie with her most languishing affectations of speech and manner. At moments she was positively ridiculous. When her lines bordered on the dangerous region of sentimentality, instead of making them wholesome with a light, semi-humorous delivery, she intensified the sentimentality into gross mawkishness. There was hardly one moment during the whole performance when she suggested nature. It is a pity that an actress of temperament and brains should allow her art to be degraded by silly mannerisms. Among Miss Nethersole's supporting actors there was one who did some capital comedy work, Mr. Graham Browne, who, however, lost his grip altogether when he had to become serious. The title-part was altogether beyond the present powers of Mr. Hamilton Revelle, whose speech, by the way, is almost as indistinct as Mr. James K. Hackett's.

JOHN D. BARRY.

Ethel Bolingbroke [Miss Elliston] Captain Carew [Mr. Edeson] Sir Montagu Martin [Mr. Standing] Mr. Baverstock [Mr. Morris]

SCENE FROM ACT II. "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



THE REINA MERCEDES

THE SPANISH CRUISER AS SHE APPEARED AT NORFOLK, VA., WHITHER SHE WAS TOWED FROM SANTIAGO, CUBA. THE MERCEDES WAS SUNK AT SANTIAGO DURING THE WAR. SHE WAS RAISED BY AN AMERICAN WRECKING COMPANY AND REACHED NORFOLK MAY 21

LONDON LETTER

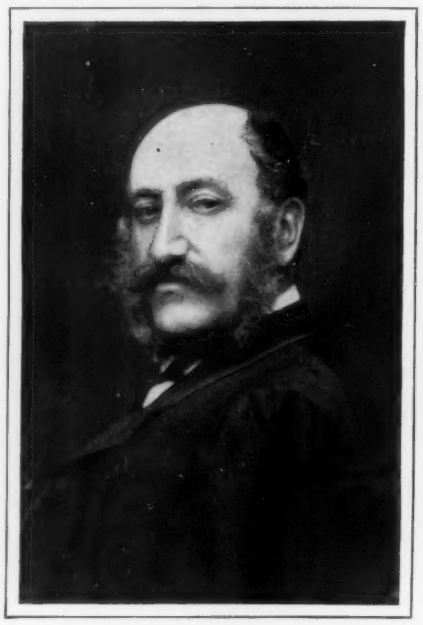
(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, *May* 9, 1899

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT is causing a good many wry faces and a few highly artificial grins. The affair, as it now stands, has a settled look; but this does not prevent it from diffusing, like fragrance pleasant or the opposite, all sorts of hopes and threats. By now the treaty and its full terms must be well understood overseas. Great Britain agrees to bound her railroad schemes by the North Wall of China, and Russia promises, in turn, that her ursine paw will not molest, engineeringly, the basin of the Yang-tse-Kiang. This has a peaceful sound, but it shuts Lord Salisbury's open door, nevertheless, with a rather doleful bang. Still, "spheres of influence" will remain for both countries, and this fact is sufficient to pull those easy strings which produce the optimist's mellow smile. But if you live in England and talk much with her more intelligent people on this question, you will soon become impressed by their conviction that the Russians and themselves are natural foes. "The Slav empire wants all China," said a clever man to me not long ago, "just as it wants all India." It is needless to add that I immediately "saw red," and that a sense of torrential bloodshed oppressed me. "The truth is," my friend added, "Russians are liked better as conquerors of these semi-barbaric tribes than we are, and that is something with which, in future time, we may have most disastrously to reckon. We subjugate, if you please, but afterward we insist on good government. The Russians do *not*. They are more popular, if I may so phrase it, with the countries which they successfully invade, since they wink, there, at the same kind of official chicanery which they wink at in their own life."

Quite supposably, it must be difficult for the American mind to appreciate how intense a national thrill has been evoked by the recent appearance of two Sunday newspapers. I had the privilege of hearing Lord Rosebery speak, the other evening, at one of the great dinners now so constantly given in London. He touched on this theme of Sunday journalism, and with a gravity of disapprobation which might well astonish the inexperienced transatlantic mind. If he should dwell at length on the subject of whether seven-day papers should deserve countenance, he said it would be chiefly because of the newsvender, who endeavored to obtain a free Sunday and saw so little chance of obtaining it now. He then continued to the effect that both of the gentlemen who edited these same sheets were his friends, and yet that he would venture to tell them they were losing, in the fierce competition of journalism, more than they gained. He would ask them to consider (how strange it must sound to American ears!) whether, in this same fierce competition, they might not be losing more than they gained. Loud cheers followed, and his lordship then pursued: "I would ask them to consider whether they might not, between them, arrive at a self-denying ordinance, *a truce with God*, which would release both of them." There were more cheers at this point, but to the abundant applause I am afraid that my own contribution was hardly more important than that of a dazed smile. I could not resist a vision of Mr. Pulitzer, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bennett agreeing together upon this same sort of divine truce, and resolving that they would issue no more Sunday editions! Lord Rosebery, who must now be nearing the shady side of fifty, "keeps" astonishingly well. Years ago, in New York, I saw him—twenty years, at least—and since then the changes in his face and figure have been notably slight. As an orator I had never heard him before. His voice is rich and resonant, and though his stature is by no means tall, it constantly preserves an air of statesmanlike dignity.

At the Lyceum, Sardou's play of "Robespierre" has won a great present vogue. But those who have witnessed it are asking themselves if it has really come to stay. I, who have witnessed it, must incline toward a negative verdict. There is no doubt that as a play it is rather flimsy stuff. It does not compare, for example, with the same author's "Thermidor," which pictured the same era of anguish and blood. Sir Henry Irving does the best he can with a loathsome and odious part. Miss Terry, with whom charm, and not marked intelligence, was always her most appreciable gift, is lugubriously handicapped. In stage parlance, she "plays an old woman," and if it is not a very old woman, it is one whose receptivity to emotion other than merely maternal might, under different dramatic conditions, have been emphasized with telling force.



THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

Who died April 30, was a famous all-round sportsman and editor of the Badminton Library.

But as Clarice de Maluçon, the long-deserted mistress of Robespierre and mother of his illegitimate son, she has only a single note to strike. This is the note of maternity, and its accent, always one filled with the menace of triteness to a modern audience, gains no fresher ring from the personality here portrayed. Then, too, of what managers and actors call "love interest" there is not the faintest trace. Neither does the piece emit one ray of humor, though "Thermidor" at times glittered with it, containing, as will be remembered, a character written for no less a comedian than M. Coquelin himself. Indeed, there are times when one watches the progress of this lurid and gory spectacle with a certain feeling of *impudeur* on the part of M. Sardou, who can achieve at his best so very much better work, for having sent it thus pompously across the Channel—and at a time when the Fashoda "incident" was scarcely cold in its grave! One feels, too, in looking over the immense cast, which exceeds sixty people, that if "Robespierre" should not be called much ado about nothing, it is doubtless much ado about a something of relatively minor worth. That scene in the hall of the Conciergerie, where ghosts of his slaughtered victims confront the arch-tyrant, is alone saved from mere footlight foolishness by the skill of pictorial presentment. Admirably are the throngs of Terrorists "manipulated," both in the Place de la Révolution episode and that of the National Convention. More masterly stage-management could ill be imagined. The uproar, passion and surge of a frenzied populace is counterfeited with astounding realism. You depart from the whole performance with a distinct feeling that its text should never have been signed by him who wrote the ever-memorable "Daniel Rochat," or even the poignant if meretricious "Fédora," but that it has received, nevertheless, magnificent setting and staging, despite its curious absence of sympathetic human interest.

The Duke of Beaufort is dead, in his seventy-fifth year, and only they who have failed to observe the fact will deny that he has emphatically "lived." Sportsmen all over the kingdom will insist that he has left a world which he adorned. He was incontestably a hard rider, but even his best friends will admit that there are other barriers which it is more creditable to make a habit of surmounting than five-barred fences, and other things which it is better continuously to follow than hounds after a fox. The late Duke had great wealth, an immense position, a romantic lineage. Fate said to him in his pinafores that he could do pretty much as he pleased, and he afterward did. Some of his deeds had a more Georgian than Victorian smack, but he somehow gained the reputation of imperilling reputation with both dignity and *chic*. Peace rest him now, for although he may have fallen far short of the modern English ideal of a gentleman, he undoubtedly tried and succeeded in being a gentleman when judged by standards with which fashion, frivolity and idleness presented him, during the decades of his indulged, tempted and flattered prime. Later he must have waked from amiable lethargy to the sting of great sorrows, and over these it is pleasant to note that all his obituaries draw a veil of the most tasteful reticence. It is evidently understood that if nowadays we have concluded not to visit upon sons the sins of their fathers, there should be no reason why the reverse of any such heathen process should pitilessly obtain.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

PICTURESQUE MANILA

THERE IS SOMETHING about the mere sound of the word *Manila* that suggests elastic strength linked to doubtful permanence. There is a suggestion of fishing-poles, rattan chairs, Malacca joints and cordage, of cane huts, and rickety but fleet-sailing craft in it, but not a thought of massive forts and stone wharves and piers. The masonry is there, however, and is the first thing to impress the stranger entering the Pasig River. On each side the river is walled in by stone masonry, cut here and there by the sluices which fill the moats of the old walled city, or by the narrow and shallow rivers dividing the new city. Up and down these canals cargo boats of strange descriptions—cascoes, lorchas, and bancos—are being poled or rowed.

Along each side of the cascoe, the common lighter for discharging outlying, deep-draught vessels, is hung a bamboo scaffold or gangway, along which the wild breech-clouted crew walk, bent double, slowly poling their craft with bamboos set most uncomfortably into the shoulder or armpit. The ends of these lighters rise in a manner faintly suggesting the Venetian gondola, which is perhaps as much recalled by the narrow streams and substantial buildings with which they are lined.

In no matter what direction investigation is followed, the strangeness and novelty of matters of detail become more and more apparent. One is impressed with the idea that the peculiarities of things are not superficial. Closer examination does not seem to lead to old and recognizable laws of guidance. The materials are different, it is true, but, apart from that, so are the methods of action and usage. It is the old, old world, before the Bronze or the Stone Ages; the world of an earlier time, of which so few records are left because of their perishable nature; an age of wood, almost reaching to that earliest age when aprons were made of fig leaves. Civilization advanced to the westward as difficulties increased and mother nature withdrew one by one the ready helps placed to the hand of the children of the world in the far East and South. And now this aggressive wave of progress, in its course to the westward, has leaped the broad Pacific and reached almost to its starting point.

It is indeed a meeting of the Old and New World. Steamers line the wharves of the Pasig flying the "Stars and Stripes," strange craft float slowly by covered with brawny sunburned men from homes one-third way round the world. They are impressive men, too, nothing boisterous or flippant about them; they are undeniably of a powerful dominant race.

The stone sides of the Pasig have, here and there, cargo cranes, all engaged discharging lighters; two large steam dredges are also at work, in the effort to make a channel sixteen feet deep. Great piles of coal bear signs "Reserved for United States Navy"; massive domes and churches rise above the house roofs, and the river seems alive with flying steamers, launches, outrigger canoes and laboring lighter men; and displays impressive bastions, drawbridges and cannon—the latter, in some important instances, of modern pattern. "How the Spaniards love masonry, and what an enormous amount of time and labor they must have spent on this!" said one. "Plenty of time, doubtless; not much labor. The 'sullen peoples' did that," said another. And here were the sullen peoples! One saw them on the queer sailing vessels, with enormous outriggers, on the banks of the stream, everywhere; occasionally unkempt, and often wild looking. Few of them showed any interest beyond the limits of their immediate occupation; even those who noticed the advancing man-of-war's launch stared at her without interest. There is about them an apathetic manner which, with the furtive, frightened glance of eye, speaks of a spirit of some sort crushed down and chained by centuries of oppression until the resemblance to submission has been obtained. Let these peoples taste first the benefits of a government *for* the people, and the problems of the future will take care of themselves. At present they are suffering under the oppression of their own leaders even more than they did under that of Spain. They do not know what to do or think—life is bitter hard; and they work, hopeless of happiness, only to live.

Doubtless these people vary within certain limits according to their tribe and location, but thus far it is only possible to describe them as they appear in the streets of Manila. At once one is struck by the apparent blending of Japanese, Chinese, and Malay blood and customs. The eyes are often large and less obliquely set than among the Chinese. Each hair, whether of beard, eyelashes or head, has that individual assertiveness that is peculiar to the Japanese. Like the Japanese, too, the hair of the women is most carefully cleansed, combed and made up into a smooth coiffure projecting over the ears. There is not a stray hair anywhere: every one of them has been ordered into place throughout its entire length. Often the little mestizo women are seen walking along the streets in their wooden soled sandals with hair let down for drying; there is so much of it, and it is so long, that it gives them a wild appearance and is almost alarming.

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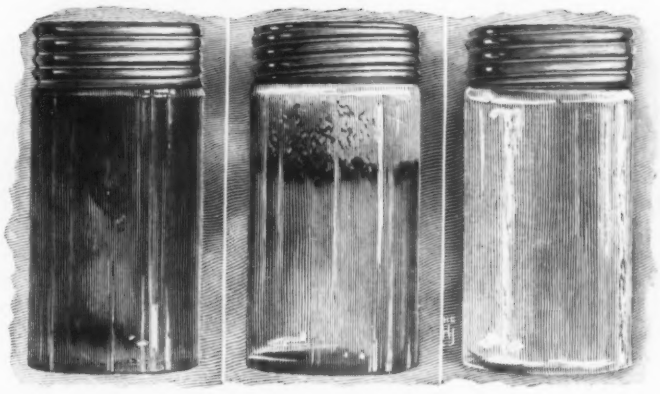

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JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 14)

the privilege of advancing, for one of us goes not off the field unhurt."

The seconds held a conference, and then separated. Each gave his principal a pistol, and stationed him so that they stood some twenty paces apart.

"Gentlemen, with your weapons pointed groundward, on the word, you will walk toward each other, and fire when it pleases you," ordered Major Edwards. "Are you ready? One, two, three. Go!"

The duellists, with their pistol hands dropped, walked steadily forward, one, two, three, four, five strides.

"'Tis murder, not satisfaction, they seek!" ejaculated Franks, below his breath.

Another, and yet another, step each took, until there was not twenty feet between the two; then Lee halted and coolly raised his arm; one more step Brereton took as he did so, and not pausing to steady his body, his pistol was swung upward so quickly that it flashed first. Lee's went off a second later, and both men stood facing each other, the smoking barrels dropped, and each striving to see through the smoke of his own discharge. Thus they remained for a moment, then Lee dropped his weapon, staggered, and with the words, "I am hit," went on one knee, and then sank to the ground.

Brereton walked back to his original position, and stood calmly waiting the report of his second, who, with Edwards, rushed to the wounded man's assistance.

"He is struck in the groin," Franks presently informed him, "and while not dangerous, 'twill be a month before he's good for anything."

"You mean good for nothing," replied Jack. "I meant to make it worse, but must rest content. As I told you, I ride north without delay, so will not even return to the city. Thank you, David, for helping me, and good-by."

Five hours later, Lee was lying in the Philadelphia hospital, and Brereton was riding into Trenton. Without the loss of a moment, the aide sought an interview with the governor, clearly with unsatisfactory results; for when he left that official his face was anxious, and not even tarrying to give his horse rest, he mounted and spurred northward, spending the whole night in the saddle. Pausing at Newark only to breakfast, he secured a fresh horse, and reached Fredericksburg a little before nightfall. Seeking out the commander-in-chief, he delivered certain papers he carried; but before the general could open them, he said:

"Your Excellency, I wish speech with you on a matter of life and death. To no other man in the world would I show this letter, but I beg of you to read it, and do what you can for my sake and for theirs."

Washington took the sheets held out to him and slowly read them from beginning to end. "'Tis a sad tale the poor girl tells," he said when he had finished; "but, my boy, however much I may pity and wish to aid them, my duty to the cause to which I have dedicated my life—"

"Ah, your Excellency," burst out Jack, "in just this once instance 'twill surely not matter. A word from you to Governor Livingston—"

Washington shook his head. "I have ever refrained from interfering in the civil line," he said, "and one breaking of the rule would destroy the fabric I have reared with so much pains. If I have gained influence with the people, with the army, and with the State officials, it is because I have ever refused to allow personal considerations to shape my conduct; and that reputation it is my duty to maintain at all hazards, that what I advise and urge shall never be open to the slightest suspicion of any other motive than that of the public good. It is a necessity which has caused me pain in the past, and which grieves me at this moment, but I hold a trust. Do not make its performance harder than it need be."

"Do I not deserve something at your hands, sir? Faithfully I have served you to my uttermost ability."

"You ask what cannot be granted, Brereton; and from this refusal I cannot recede. Now leave me, my boy, to read the despatches you have brought."

There was that in the general's manner which made impossible further entreaty, and the aide obeyed his behest. Yet such was the depth of his concern that he made a second appeal, two days later, when he brought a bunch of circular letters to the State governors, concerning quotas of provisions, which he had written, to his chief for signature."

"Will you not, sir," he implored, "relent and add a postscript to Governor Livingston in favor of mercy for Mr. Meredith?"

"I have given you my reasons, Brereton, why I must not, and all further petitions can but pain us both." Washington signed the series, and taking the sand-box, sprinkled the wet ink on each in turn. "Seal them, and see that they fail not to get into the post," he ordered, calmly. Yet as he rose to leave the room, he laid his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder and said: "I grieve not to do it, my boy, for your sake and for hers."

The aide took the chair the general had

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vacated, and began mechanically the closing of the letters; but when that to the governor of New Jersey was reached, he paused in the process. After a little, he took from his pocket Janice's frantic supplication, and reread it, his face displaying his response to her suffering. "And ten words would save him," he groaned. His eye sought once more the unsealed letter, and stared at it fixedly. "At worst it would be my life, and that is worth little to me and nothing to any one else!" He snatched a pen hastily, dipped it in the ink, but as he set the tip to the paper, paused, his brow clouded. "To trick him, after all his generosity!" For a trice Jack hesitated. "He stands too high to be injured by it," he exclaimed. "It hurts not the cause, while 'twill kill her if they hang him." Again he set pen to the paper, and wrote four lines below Washington's name.

"'Tis the devil's work, or her good angel's, that I had the writing of the letters, so the penmanship agrees," he muttered, as he folded and sealed it. Gathering up the batch he gave a reckless laugh. "I said I'd not lift finger to save him from the rope, and here I am taking his place on the gallows. Well, 'tis everything to do it for her, and to die with the memory that my arms have held, and my lips caressed, her."

(To be continued)

THE BUSINESS BEAR

The bear leaned sadly on his pole,
The picture of despair,
The grinder ground La Perichole,
His soul begloomed with care.

Then Bruin sighed: "Why should this lot
Our spirits overwhelm?
What if my cup discloses not
A shekel of the realm?

"At Fate we shouldn't carp—mayhap—
The trouble is we're blind—
The people do not care a rap
For these great tunes we grind.

"What say you if we now employ
Those airs that make replete
With perfect joy the little boy
While whistling down the street?

"Oh, let me then the organ grind
With all my heart and soul,
While you, unruffled, walk behind
And caper with the pole!"

"'Tis well," the grinder sang above
His rumpus of unrest.
"I see the simple wisdom of
The course that you suggest."

They played Somnambula no more,
And never Belle Heléne;
With Captain Jinks and Pinafore
They drove the mob insane.

The people followed everywhere,
From Ponkapog to Dan,
To see the organ-grinding bear
That led a dancing man.

The children wild with pleasure danced
Along the purple pave—
With willing fingers while they pranced
Their shining coins they gave.

'Twas when the pile was fair to see,
For which they fondly strove,
They sailed for sunny Tuscany,
And bought an olive grove.

At twilight when blue silence reigns,
And housed are bee and bird,
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The bear and Tuscan then embrace
And caracole and dance,
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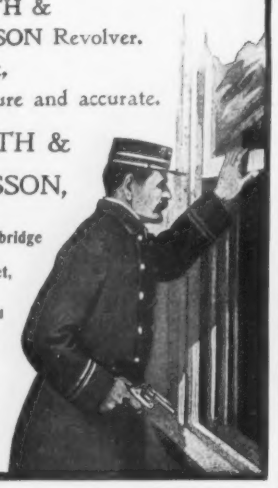

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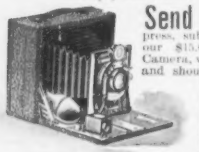

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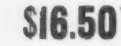

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THE 24TH ANNUAL INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS, MAY 27TH

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

INTER-COLLEGIATE MEETING

RECORD-BREAKING at the intercollegiates has become such an old story that for any one to stir our pulses now he must beat not an intercollegiate or a collegiate record, but a world's record. Then only are we satisfied to exhibit any enthusiasm. The meeting of 1899 had everything in its favor in the way of weather, but the track, in spite of every effort that had been expended upon it, was not in first class condition, especially around the lower curve, where it was prone to crumble under the spiked shoes of the runners.

The crowd was no larger, and, in fact, hardly as large as that turned out by Philadelphia at the relay races, and this may be taken as a fair commentary upon the lack of track athletic interest in New York. Manhattan Field was chosen for its convenience, and yet the public only turned out in a number which Philadelphia fully equalled with a set of special relay races! Many Philadelphians, Pennsylvania supporters, were on hand to enjoy the triumph of their team, and it was indeed a most conclusive one. The red and blue jersey was at the front in the 100, 220, two mile, low hurdles, high hurdles, broad jump, high jump, hammer and shot, and was placed in all but three events! Truly, Mike Murphy could go home satisfied; and in answer to a comment I heard made just after the relay races, to the effect that Murphy seemed to be falling off in training distance men he can point to Mr. Alexander Grant as a fair example of his renewed ability in this direction, and to Mechling as another.

But there are one or two men outside the ranks of the Pennsylvanians to whom a fair measure of the praise should go. First among these is Jarvis of Princeton, who gave Tewkesbury the only real running he had had in the two days, and who was beaten out by only two feet! And by two feet I mean twenty-four inches—not the usual careless way in which inches and feet are called. When two men run a sprint within two feet of each other they are very close together, and the difference is usually called a few inches. Jarvis came in his trials, and in the final with a beautiful burst of speed, and running very strong, and to any one knowing the disadvantages under which he was laboring this performance can be rated at its true value.

Two others are Bray and Cregan, for their grand contest in the mile. Never was the last quarter of that killing race fought out with such earnestness, and it is no wonder that the hearts of the audience went out to them in enthusiastic applause.

Long is another man whose performance was of the highest order, even though his two most formidable rivals had been withdrawn.

Syracuse made a game struggle with Princeton, and very nearly crowded her out of fourth place, and this, too, with fair average performances rather than with special stars.

While the average reader understands something of the work that is required to bring out these championship performances, he has little opportunity for seeing anything of the men who do the work that results in these breaking of records. There were in Manhattan Field last Saturday no three men—yes, no four men—who had done more to make possible this record breaking than Murphy of Pennsylvania, James Lathrop of Harvard, Alex. Copland of Yale, and Walter Chrystie of Princeton. Chrystie's time did not come this year, but it did last, and he should be given credit accordingly. But the first three of these trainers gave us the winners of every event bar two on the programme, and all of them have made record breakers.

The arrangement of the intercollegiate game, so far as the general officials were concerned, was highly satisfactory, but that part of the arrangement which fell into the hands of the separate managers could hardly be thus characterized. When the college public has for weeks been looking for a quarter mile that shall bring out three of the fastest men of the day, and all of these men tuned up to the most intense rivalry, it is, to say the least, extremely disappointing on the very eve of the contest to have two of them withdrawn and the pair split up in other races. It is safe to say that at least half of the people who knew anything about track athletics had it in their mind to go to the intercollegiates this year to see this particular event—namely, the four-forty. While it was probably not bad judgment, so far as point winning was concerned, on the part of the captains and trainers of Harvard and Yale to withdraw Burke and Boardman from this race, it was exceedingly bad judgment, so far as the interest in the games was concerned, and had it not been for Bray and Cregan in the mile run there would not have been an exciting finish during the entire day.

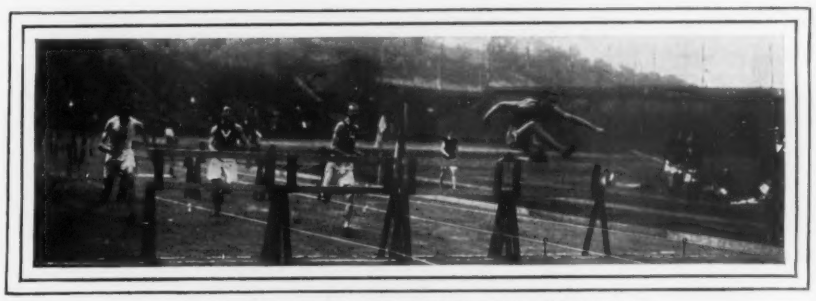
The half mile, to which Burke was transferred, was tame enough to be almost uninteresting. The only thing that saved it being the excellent performance of Grant of Pennsylvania, who, after running two miles in 10 minutes 3 2-5 seconds, had life enough left to go into the half mile and finish it out in second place ahead of Adams, Yale's main reliance. But the race itself was never in doubt after Burke took the lead from Brennan, which he did before the first lap was finished. Every one knew that Burke had it in hand from the very appearance of the runners, and it was hard to get up any enthusiasm. The two-twenty, into which the other man, Boardman, was transferred, was equally flat in point of excitement. In reality there was no hope of Boardman in his present condition giving Tewkesbury a race, and the issue demonstrated this conclusively, for the gap between the Pennsylvanian and the Yale man was no less than eight yards before the race was half over.

Thus it happened that what might have been an interesting four-forty, and one certainly to which the public had looked forward for weeks, was spoiled, and that, too, without any corresponding gain so far as the real sporting merits of the contests were concerned.

J. W. B. TEWKESBURY WINNING THE 100-YARD RACE

JOHN CREGAN WINNING THE 1-MILE RACE

M. W. LONG WINNING THE 440-YARD RACE



A. C. KRAENZLEIN TAKING THE LAST HURDLE—120-YARD RACE

START OF THE 2-MILE RACE

ALEX. GRANT WINNING THE 2-MILE RACE

(Photographs by J. H. Hare)

PRINCETON-HARVARD BASEBALL

Why in the world Harvard did not pitch Fitz in that first Princeton game is a mystery, and a still greater one is why, finding Morse going off after starting to warm up Fitz, the management did not place the left-hander in the box. This is beyond comprehension.

For five innings the Harvard nine held together well. In the sixth the trouble began, and before it was over Princeton had piled up five runs and practically won the game. There was a light, drizzling rain, which took the enthusiasm out of the audience at first, but when it was evident that the umpire and two captains had decided to play, they warmed up considerably. For three innings neither side could score, then Harvard in her half broke the ice. Clarke made a single, and Haughton sacrificed, which put the Harvard third baseman on second. Then Reid knocked a warm one through third, which gave Clarke another base, and he came home on the Princeton second baseman's wild throw to the plate. But Harvard did not have the lead long, for Princeton in her half, thanks to a three-bagger of Hillebrand's, evened it up. The Princeton pitcher, after his hard hit, did not have to wait long, for Harrison got his base on balls, and Reid threw wild in trying to prevent him from stealing second, and Hillebrand evened the score. But it was in the next inning that the fun for Princeton began. Watkins, who was the first man up for Princeton, got a lucky hit to left, and Morse seemed to lose his grip. He could not get the ball over, and when he did at last, Suter knocked out a home run, which cleared the bases for him. Suter seems, by the way, to be inspired by the presence of the Harvard team or nine to exceptional work. On the occasion of the last Harvard-Princeton football game at Princeton, this young man's hair-raising run, which was only brought to an end by Brewer, will long be remembered. On Saturday he not only knocked out this home run, but made, in addition, a three-bagger, two singles, and three put outs. The game lacked interest after this inning, although Princeton added four more in the 8th, Suter again assisting with a three-bagger. Harvard scored once more in the 9th, Reid being the lucky man. In fact, he did the best batting for his side, and was more at home with Hillebrand's delivery than the rest of his nine. Kafer, as usual, caught a good game, and if the Princeton infield were as good as their battery, there is no college nine that could match them, although Yale, with their present slashing batting, ought to find Hillebrand more readily than did Harvard.

INTER-SCHOLASTIC RUNNING

I have already commented in these columns upon the advance in athletic work of the average schoolboy. No evidence of his progress could be more striking than the number of boys who lined up for the mile run which Trede of Trinity won. The showing of the schoolboys at various meetings, and especially the relay races at Philadelphia, indicates the material which the colleges are going to receive. It is from this material that our general athletic records will be made, and this point of the number of boys who can give a fair average performance is the most encouraging feature. But caution is needed even in this progress, and the heads of schools must be held responsible for the individuals who enter into these competitions. The strain, while safe and even beneficial for a boy who is sound, may mean serious disaster for one in whom there is existing some weakness, which may give way to organic lesion or precipitate a weakened condition. In the hundred there may not be such especial need for caution, although even that race should be run by no unexamined boy; but in a quarter, half and mile the need is one that must be recognized. The quarter is probably as hard a race as is ever run, even for a man, and on boys the strain is one for only the sound.

HARVARD-YALE FRESHMAN BASEBALL

The first Harvard-Yale freshman ball match was the best freshman contest I have seen for years. Not only was there less of that wild throwing of the ball around which characterizes freshman contests, but there were two or three individuals whose work was surely close to 'varsity form. Two men on the Harvard nine, the catcher and first baseman, exhibited ability to wield the bat which should, before their course is over, make them bad men for a pitcher to face even in 'varsity matches.

Wendell's home run was a beautiful hit, and in spite of the fact that his collision with Cunha at the plate bowled him over, he played out his nine innings pluckily and in good form.

Yale was weak at the bat upon critical occasions, for which considerable credit must be awarded the Harvard pitcher.

Garvin, the Yale pitcher, is a promising man, and his sharp drop when used was a mystery to all the Harvard batsmen.

But the hero of the day on the Yale side was Cunha, the Hawaiian catcher. He was a perfect backstop, and his throwing to bases was a quick-arm throw, which nipped the man without trouble. At the bat he was the great reliable of the Yale side, and if he can duplicate this performance he ought to be interesting to the 'varsity nine.

Harvard won the game through better average hitting and some inexcusable errors on the part of Yale in the field.

GEORGETOWN-YALE

Georgetown, coming up to New Haven a little stung by their recent defeat, and the suggestion that was being made in the newspapers that the Northern college nines, although defeated by Georgetown earlier in the season, were more than a match for her nines when late in May they began to get into real condition, seized upon Yale and repeated the dose which they had already administered upon Southern grounds.

The game was an interesting one, and at times of the sensational order. There was some hard hitting, but Georgetown knew how to wait when Cook was wild and unable to get the ball over the plate, and it was this, more than anything else, that got them the game.

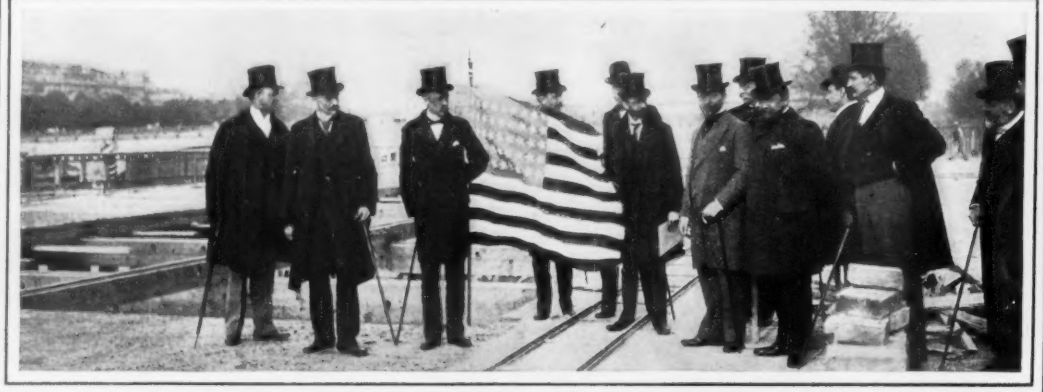
White's pitching was difficult for Yale's batters to find, and he kept the hits well scattered. In the exciting point of the game, when Georgetown was about to tie the Yale score, King, formerly of Princeton, who was on the bench with Georgetown, became so interested in coaching that umpire Kelley was obliged to call the game and indulge in the following remark: "When you get through coaching, Mr. King, the game will go on." King took it good-naturedly and abstained from further comment.

WALTER CAMP.

AMERICA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

TRANSFERRING THE SITE FOR THE UNITED STATES BUILDING, MAY 3

THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS COMMISSIONER-GENERAL PICARD IN THE VERY ACT OF FORMALLY MAKING OVER THE SITE FOR THE UNITED STATES BUILDING ON THE QUAY D'ORSAY TO COMMISSIONER-GENERAL PECK. THE SMOOTH-FACED MAN IS ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER-GENERAL WOODWARD, WHO IS INTERPRETING M. PICARD'S SPEECH



PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF — Mr. Woodward — M. Picard — Mr. Peck — Architect Coolidge — American and French Exposition officials

GROUP TAKEN ON THE SITE OF THE UNITED STATES BUILDING ON THE QUAY D'ORSAY IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FORMAL TRANSFER

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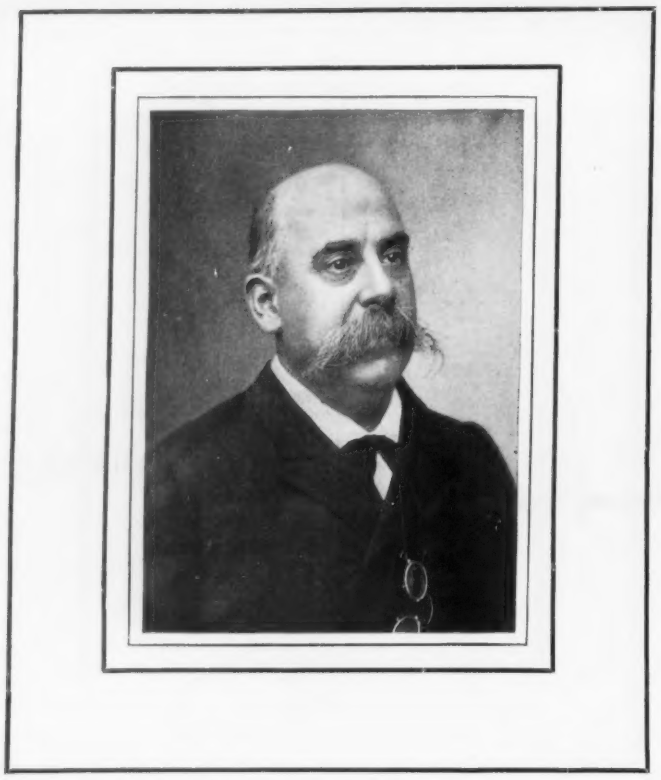

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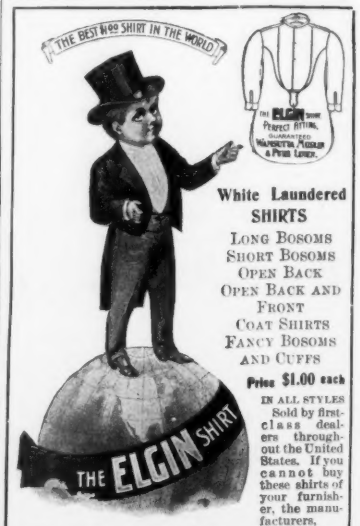

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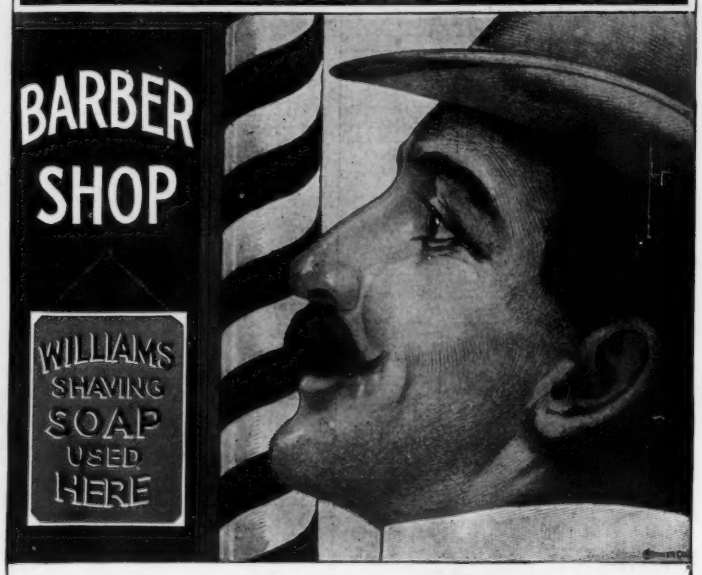

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